

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

WILLIAM BOOTH
FOUNDER

BRAMWELL BOOTH
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.

The Army Meeting in the Pool Room

By ADJUTANT TOM MUNDY

"GO and witness for Me in the gambling den!" The Army Captain looked around his little Hall that Friday evening to make sure he was alone. He had come to clean up the Hall for the weekend Meetings and there, while upon his knees scrubbing the floor, a voice—not audible, but none the less—came to him. What was that constraining influence which he could not resist? That mystic voice, that irresistible force which dominated all else? It was none other than the Divine injunction—*a Call to duty!*

The Suspected Place

Passing out into the darkness he made up his mind that he would at least locate this place where money so quickly changed hands, and on the following evening he would gather his little group of Soldiers for an attack. In so small a town it was not difficult to find the suspected place. He stood watching men—young and old—pass in and out of a building which was not regarded by the ordinary town folk as a gambling den, and then, after satisfying himself that he had located the real place, he wended his way homeward, and a peep into that humble little Quarters that night would have revealed two earnest souls engaged in prayer for strength for the coming battle.

And so, on the following evening, after the usual Meetings were over, and while the towns-people were mostly thinking of retiring, a little band of Salvationists, led on by the Captain and his wife, raided the gambling den and found what they had expected—a crowded room of men of all conditions and ages absorbed in a dangerous pastime.

Commandeered a Chair

Not waiting for an introduction or to give an explanation for their rather strange procedure, the Captain commandeered a nearby chair and standing upon it, gave out the lines of an old hymn, and, before the gamblers could protest, the little party were singing with the usual heartiness of Salvationists, "Hark, the Gospel news!" Not a moment was lost. No sooner was the hymn sung than a Sister Comrade was on the chair pouring out her soul in a message of deliverance; after which, the Captain told of his old habits during his days of railroading and how that the power of God had reached his life and re-created him.

This was too much for the disturbed

listeners—they began to leave in little groups until these "witnesses to the power of the Gospel" found themselves alone and then, out went the light, but this seemed to remind them of Paul and Silas in prison, and they sang the louder until the lights appeared again, and some of the men sheepishly entered the room, among them being a young man who approached the Captain with a tin plate in his hand on which was a collection which he had gathered from the men in an adjoining room. As he handed it to the Captain he exclaimed, "I have been impressed

with what you have been saying, it reminds me of better days. I want you to tell me more of this sometime—this religion, I mean."

The Out-of-the-Ordinary Thing

Who can estimate the extent of the good resulting from such an unusual procedure! Why should it be unusual? Does not the Kingdom of Heaven yield to those who take it by force?

Why should we hesitate about carrying the attack right into the trenches of the enemy? It used not to be so.

Some amongst us are full to the brim with recollections of raids on saloons and brothels and gambling dens. Do not let us deceive ourselves that the need for such warfare is at an end. It seems that very shortly new fields of attack will open to us—the Devil is getting ready. Are we? Let us be up and doing, compelling men to hear of God.

Well, Captain, God bless you! We thank God you live in these days, and that you are out for God and His Kingdom. We will pray that the telling of this story may add to your company.



No sooner was the song finished than a young woman was on the chair pouring out her soul in a message of deliverance.

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Exodus 2: 1-10. "God's care for the baby Moses." But for God's protection Moses would have died like hundreds of other boy babies. But God planned to bless the world through him, and no opposition could hinder it. However difficult your circumstances may be, nothing can hinder God's plan for you, so take comfort. He can make even your hindrances "stepping-stones to higher things."

"God knows, He loves, He cares, Nothing this truth can dim. He gives the very best to those Who leave the choice with Him." Monday, Exodus 2: 11-25. "Moses chooses God's service." Moses could have had the best the world could offer, but he counted "the reproach of Christ greater than the treasures of Egypt." God did not let him suffer for his choice, but has given him one of the greatest names the world has known. Truly "God is never long in any man's debt."

Tuesday, Exodus 3: 1-12. "Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro." Moses learnt more than the care of sheep these quiet years in the wilderness. He learnt patience, self-control, and a knowledge of himself, such as he never could have learnt in Egypt. Above all, he learnt to know God. His forty years' study of the country enabled him later to lead the Israelites in the desert. Preparation time is never wasted if spent as God directs.

Wednesday, Exodus 3: 12-22. "The Lord . . . hath sent me unto you." Years before, Moses had tried to help his people, but had failed because he did not wait to know God's way. Now with the Divine commission he not only brought the nation out of Egypt, but he has left his mark on the world for all time. Those who are conscious of being God's messengers need have no fear regarding the outcome of their message.

Thursday, Exodus 4: 1-12. "Moses and the serpent." Sometimes a duty or a fresh path in life may terrify us as the serpent did Moses. But if we approach it bravely and sensibly as God means us to, the terrifying object will become a strength and blessing. Everything depends on the way we meet it.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head.

Friday, Exodus 4: 13-21. "Aaron chosen to help Moses." The choice of Aaron was God's second best for Moses. In later years when Aaron made trouble, Moses may have wished that he had let the Lord work out His first best plan for him. Those who agree to God's full purpose for them will never regret it. We may trust His love and wisdom to the uttermost.

Saturday, Exodus 5: 1-13. "The first Meeting with Pharaoh." Moses was not surprised at Pharaoh's refusal, for when commissioning him for his great work, God had told him "the king of Egypt will not let you go." Moses knew that for great things time and patience were needed. Do not be discouraged if you cannot quickly accomplish all you wish, either with yourself or others. "Let patience have her perfect work."

Gold Dust

They who go out with prayer will be likeliest to return in triumph.

It is better to fail by doing right than to succeed by doing wrong.

It is the petty vexation that often finds the weak spot in a strong soul.

It isn't the size of a man's roll, but the size of a man's soul that counts.

Only so much of a person's life counts as he puts into the lives of others.

It is not the position but the performance that reveals character. Joseph in jail was as reliable as when governor of Egypt.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small—too small to be worth talking about, for the day of adversity is its first real opportunity. —Babcock.

The Blessing of Wholeness

By BRIGADIER JOHN MERRETT
Training Garrison Staff, Winnipeg

*Bless the Lord O my soul: who forgiveth all thine iniquities and
HEALETH ALL THY DISEASES*

DISEASE, as an active principle, may be described as the CAUSE of disorder or derangement; as an EFFECT, it indicates a morbid condition resulting therefrom—a disturbed or abnormal action in a living organism.

THE human body is possessed of a large number of organs and faculties, each of them being designed and entrusted to perform certain functions or duties. The healthfulness of the body, as a whole, and of the individual organs and faculties in particular, depends upon the faithful performance of these respective functions and duties. Whenever any organ or faculty fails to function properly, a disordered condition peculiar to the nature of the delinquent organ or faculty develops, causing weakness, irritation, suffering, and unfitness for service or duty.

Unless the CAUSE is removed, and order is restored, serious consequences are certain to result. Physical Diseases! Their name is Legion!—for they are many!

Wholeness of Body is absolutely essential to good health, happiness, comfort, and fitness for life's duties and

its multitude of diseases, but rather to find in the natural a similitude of spiritual facts and conditions. I have often heard the statement that "Natural laws fully apply in spiritual life." If that be true, and it is undeniably so, then it is only necessary to make the application.

What is SIN, as an active principle, but INHERENT DISEASE OF THE SOUL, making the soul susceptible to temptations, or sin germs? And what are SINS AND INIQUITIES but the natural outcome of this INDWELLING SIN-PRINCIPLE, which robs the soul of its strength and power to resist these temptations? These are facts too self-evident to require either discussion or argument. And what is the solution of the difficulty? Simply the application of the physician's formula—"Remove the cause, and you will destroy the effect."

By way of illustration: A mother complained to her physician that her

The Presence of Christ

He does not seem to answer all my prayers. Nor always lift the burden of my cares; And He has called me often into night, And in the time of battle made me fight; Yet if I have Him near me all is well; The comfort of His presence who can tell?

What if I miss my comrades on the way? He never will forsake me all the day; And though I find the pathway steep and long,

And weary of the journey—He is strong; So strong that I can rest me in His love; And see, as in a forecast, Heaven above.

Sin and the Volcano

A rich man saw an extinct volcano, and thought what a blot it was on an otherwise beautiful country. He therefore engaged a large number of men to fill up the volcano with rubbish. When it was levelled he had soil put on the top, and made paths and ornamental gardens.

On a certain day a great fete was held, and the grounds opened to the public, who praised the man who had been the means of the great transformation. But in the morning, when the people looked

The Bible and the Army

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Special Articles, Stories, Messages, Etc.

towards the park, they saw only smoke and ruins, for in the night the buried forces exerted themselves, and the volcano burst out afresh and destroyed all the man's fine work.

Thus it is with sin. It can be covered, and even made to look attractive, and for a time can be kept under, but unless it is destroyed it will surely exert itself. What is wanted is not sin covered, but sin destroyed.

Is Your Lamp Lit

The story is told of a stranger in a great city who asked his way to a certain street and number. He was told to count the arc lights as he went along and he would have no difficulty in finding his way back again. He did so, but on the return journey some of the lights had gone out, and as it was a misty night he lost his way.

We who are of God's fold and family are the light of the world. If our light goes out how many may miss their way to Christ. How few Christians today let their light shine every day, all the day, in all places and in all circumstances.

The Necessary Sabbath

A man who was passing sor mints in Pennsylvania asked a little y why the field was so full of mules. "These mules are worked in the mine through the week," replied the boy, "and they are brought up into the light on Sunday to keep them from going blind." The application is apparent.

cess in the Christian life? Have we not the identical contrasts—

Soul Disease, producing weakness, inefficiency, defeat, disaster, death. Soul Wholeness, developing strength, ability, victory, success, eternal life.

And is it not at least reasonable to believe in the possibility of such an Experience? Did not Jesus come to "destroy the works of the Devil in us"? And has He not the same power to heal spiritual and physical diseases? Oh, yes! Bless His Name! He is able! "If thou canst but believe, all things are possible to them that believe." He is willing, He is waiting, and if you will seek in faith, you will hear Him say, "I will be thou clean, and you shall be made 'every whit whole.' "It is God's will, even your sanctification!" Unspeakable gift—"The Blessing of Wholeness!" Have you accepted it?

Seven things needful to Success

A BIBLE READING WORTH PONDERING OVER

Victory over Sin.—1 Corinthians xv. 56-58.
Confidence in God's Grace.—Psalm xxiii.
Reliance on God's Power.—John xv. 1-5.
Assurance of God's Presence.—Exodus xxxiii. 1-14.
Faith in God's Promises.—Romans iv. 26-25.
Confession of God's Goodness.—Psalm lxi. 8.
Trust in God's Providence.—Matthew vi. 31-32.

responsibilities. Doctors tell us that millions of disease germs assail us daily, but if the organs of our bodies are functioning properly, if our hearts are sound and our blood pure we have no cause for fear or alarm, as we will have strength to offset all the attacks of germs, and to discharge our daily duties with success and satisfaction. Weakness of any part of the body robs it of its power of resistance and we are certain, sooner or later, to become victims of some disease or other, and ultimately of death. Disease—disorder—derangement—death.

What is our hope? Is there any deliverance? A little girl was smitten with a disease, and her face and body were covered with ugly sores. Her mother in alarm called in the family physician. "Can you not give me something to remove those ugly sores?" she asked. "Oh, yes," the physician replied, "I can give you an ointment that will dry them up, but your girl requires more than that—I will give you a prescription to be taken inwardly, that will destroy the disease. When the cause is removed the sores will die and disappear of themselves." This reminds me of two striking phrases that frequently occur in the records of our Lord's miracles. In answer to the appeals of the afflicted, Jesus often said, "I will; be thou clean." And then as often it is recorded that they were all made WHOLE of whatsoever disease they had—the blind, of his blindness; the leper, of his leprosy; the palsied, of his palsy; and so on, in all kinds of diseases. What a treasure! The Blessing of Wholeness!

The object of this article, however, is not to discuss the human body, with

little son "caught everything that was going," and asked how she could protect him against it. "Your boy has a natural tendency toward disease and what he needs is not only protection, but renewing within, and then he will have power in himself to resist and overcome these attacks." Is not this the case with many souls who are so easily overcome by temptation? "Protection" does not suffice—they need "renewing within," and then they will have inward power to resist and overcome.

Again—a man who was weakened by disease, asked his physician to "give him something to nourish him" so that he could regain his strength and be able to perform his daily duties. "My dear man," said the physician, "nourishment will only strengthen the disease; what you need is to get rid of the disease, and have the wasted tissue renewed. Then you will regain your strength by nourishment, and be able to perform your duties as you desire." Does not this remind you of the multitude of professing Christians, who have inbred sin still dwelling within, and who are always bemoaning their weakness, and praying for more grace and strength to do their duty and bear their cross? And should they not rather be praying the prayer of the Psalmist: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me?" I think so, don't you?

What about the title of this article—"The Blessing of Wholeness"? In our opinion it is a fitting substitute for the more familiar expression—"The Blessing of Holiness?" And does not the principle of "wholeness" apply in spiritual as in physical conditions? If the need be the proof—surely it does, for it is not absolutely essential to sue-

THE homeward flow of the City's human tide had attained its maximum when, on Friday evening, the General felt at liberty to admit the "Cry" interviewer. Even then various Officers and Secretaries were claiming "last minutes" of his attention, whilst outside was a converging bustle of closing mails and hurrying feet. But the arresting figure was the General himself—imperturbably bent on every phase of the business brought before him, and having been at work since 10 a.m. of this same day—after leading the All-Night of Prayer at Midway! And protestation, however well intended, was smothered when the first mention of that notable event brought from the General the enthusiastic verdict: "It was an uplifting Meeting! Over fifteen hundred people from different sections of Army life—varying types but marvelously one in hunger for spiritual things and zeal for the salvation of the people. The singing was wonderful; the joy of these Comrades in itself a benediction. The definiteness and compassion manifested in the audible prayer by all ranks was like a gleam of light upon the darkness of sin-stricken lives for whom we cried to God hour after hour. Some Officers and Soldiers who were not able to be present owing to sickness or other reasons, yet spent the night with us, many in distant places, pleading and wrestling with God; otherwise it was a London gathering that will, I hope, give a lead for the Siege Campaign of very considerable importance."

In his last interview, the General had concluded the conversation by quoting a few peculiarly haunting lines containing the phrase, "... no wanderers lost." This suggested a question as to whether he might not wish to say something further having particular reference to the object and opportunity of the Siege in respect to this large and sad-hearted class among the people.

Deserters from Our Ranks
"Well, I have been asked," replied the General, "whether I cannot give some word especially for the help of the deserters from our ranks. The wanderers from God always appear to me to present a peculiarly sad accompaniment to His work. It has ever been so. From the days of Noah, of Abraham, and of Moses the people who turned away from Jehovah have constituted a problem associated with mystery, with heartbreak, and also

The Empty Chair

The General's Compassionate Concern for "Our Failures"—God and The Army Await Their Return

with the most moving pity and compassion of God himself. Are there any more pathetic utterances in the Bible than those of the Prophet when he says: "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

"And The Army is confronted with the same baffling problem?"

"Yes" (sadly) "it is no use disguising the fact that these are our failures—they are the blots on our horizon. They are like the dead trees in the wood, and not all the vitality and beauty which surrounds them can save them alive. There is no doubt also that from the beginning backsliders have been an object of high indignation to the God whom they have forsaken. In the very same passage from which I have just quoted there is the strikingly solemn statement:

And the Lord saith, Because they have forsaken My law which I set before them, and have not obeyed My voice, neither walked therein:

But have walked after the imagination of their own heart, and after Baalim, which their fathers taught them:

"Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Behold, I will feed them, even this people, with wormwood, and give them water of gall to drink.

"This is the Lord's anger kindled against the deserters, and it is terrible! And today it is with The Army's work as with all living, energetic enterprises which come under the Grace of God: there are these disappointments and failures: those in whom good has been overcome of evil—who have fallen before the biting blasts of trial or the fiery assaults of the Devil.

"I see little practical value in saying that this thing ought not to have happened—that these lost ones ought to have been able to stand the storm. It is quite evident that the Lord Jesus Christ and His immediate Apostles had experiences of this kind of calamity. There is nothing more moving in the whole story of the life and death of Jesus than the loneliness which He had to endure because those whom He had helped and blessed forsook Him and fled.

Agonized Regrets

"Something very similar to this goes on today. Again and again our Saviour is wounded in the house of His friends; He is still forsaken. In my own travels up and down the world nothing touches me more intimately than the various phases of backsliding about which I hear from the lips of those who

have left their Master. The very explanations they give me—the sad, sad excuses they make for their unfaithfulness—the pitiful and often agonized regrets and reproaches which they heap upon themselves or upon others—all indicate how dreadful is their suffering. I see how in the ordinary affairs of life, and even amidst the sweetest associations which are still spared to them, they feed upon wormwood and have water of gall to drink."

"Then there is no real alleviation for the lot of the God-forsaker?"

"None! That is the fact—no change in outward or material circumstances can make up for the loss of God. And this fills me with sorrow on their behalf. Some I know who are poor and desolate, others who are rich and prosperous; but they all tell the same story; they all heave the same kind of sigh, and shed the same kind of tear, and look back with that intense longing which no one who has ever seen it can mistake.

Still Hear His Voice

"I believe that many wanderers from God have still quite remarkable experiences of spiritual things. They still hear His voice; they still know something of the influences of the Holy Spirit; they still get flashes from the life and example and tenderness of a dying Saviour. But instead of these things bringing them help or giving them consolation in the dreary round of a life without hope, they but add to their condemnation, increase their remorse, and send them, alas! to the empty vanities of the world to find some means of silencing the heavenly voices and stifling the longings for better days.

"Something else I have noticed—how often these wanderers' line in the very fibre of their being—character weakens, evil appetites, passions which they once despised grow stronger and assume control of one whole man. More and more sin gets the mastery, increases its domination, binds them to some particular form of evil which becomes the basis of their existence both for time and eternity. The very fact of these disappointments in their lives still further depresses them; they go down before the waves; they give up; they say, 'It is no good!' Presently they feel they have sinned against the light and henceforth there is nothing to look forward to but condemnation."

It could be felt that the General himself suffered as he spoke—that he was lost in the melancholy fate of those whose career he was depicting.

"WE MUST HELP THEM! And one of the first steps we have to take is to penetrate

this hard shell of despair and plant a little gleam of hope in their breasts. I have often succeeded in doing this by telling these wanderers of others who have been restored to lives of Holiness and fruitfulness."

"From what you say, General, the question of the right tactics is an important one?"

"It is important, but in dealing with all wanderers the first great need is to impress upon them, as I have said, how God feels about them. They have grieved, and wounded, and bereaved Him, but He wants them back! I have often used in this connection an incident of my boyhood's days. I was visiting a little village on the Tees, and, going into tea at my billet, I noticed an empty chair at the table. On returning after the Meeting at night, the chair was again there, and upon inquiring of my host what it meant I was told:

The Vacant Chair

"Mr. Bramwell, you know our name?—it is not a common one. Perhaps in your travels you may some day meet with someone of that name, and it will very likely be our prodigal boy. Will you tell him you stayed here one evening, and noticed an empty chair at the table, and that we told you it was his chair?"

"The idea that God has a place which only a particular man or woman can fill, and that The Army has a place ever ready to receive those who have wandered, has a singularly moving effect on many hearts—I have found it to be so!

"Another word! We must not forget that every one of these wandering souls cost the most precious Blood of the Son of God as truly as did ours. They are bought with a price! They are not their own! Though Love has lost them, they are still loved. Is not this a glorious encouragement to us to seek them and beseech them to come home? Oh, shall we not try, in these days of God's special visitation and power, not only by our personal efforts but by our pleadings with the Almighty, to rescue and bring back to the Heavenly Father's family these self-outcast sons and daughters? Tell them that, black as things are, no wanderer need be damned; that—

While life prolongs its precious light Mercy is found and hope is given.

But I must say something further to you upon this subject next week!"

H. L. TAYLOR, Lt.-Colonel.



A DAILY newspaper, not long ago published the story of a thrilling rescue, on the eastern coast of Jersey Island, where there are miles of rocks jutting far into the sea and left bare at low tide. To any who love adventure, these "road ways" out into the bed of the sea prove an irresistible attraction.

A tourist had wandered alone to a distant rock, seating himself in enjoyment of all around him, quite unconscious of treacherous tides working their way inshore, slowly, yet stealthily cutting off his retreat. Awakened from his reverie he sought to retrace his steps, but discovered that the waters had shut him in.

The tide crept higher and higher till the cold waves touched his feet. Yet on they crept, to his waist, and still upwards. Stricken with terror he frantically waved a garment as a flag of distress.

Off to the Rescue

On most days in the town behind, a number of natives could be found leaning against the sea wall, with apparently little to do. On this occasion a solitary individual kept the guard. He fortunately saw the signal of despair. Launching

A Picture of Sin and its Victims

his boat and rowing hard to the rescue of the marooned tourist, he arrived just in time to save the man ere the dark foam had finished his work.

Here is a picture of sin and its victims. The tide swiftly, silently, unperceived, ripples in and cuts off the sinner from eternal safety. Do you feel the dark, murky waters lapping at your feet? The death tide is rolling in. Hoist your flag! An unsleeping Eye will see your signal of distress.

Though your passage lies across the brink Of many a threatening wave, Hell expects to see you sink—but Jesus lives to save.

Do you realize that you are in danger, do you appreciate your need of Salvation? If you do, you will now make haste to find a way of escape from the menacing evil.

Put Right the Wrong

In that case you will be sorry that you

have sinned, and you will be ready to forsake the ways of sin. At the same time you will be willing, wherever possible, to put right the wrongs you have done to God and man. Thus you will repent. Having done this, you will be able to ask God to forgive you, for Christ's sake, and, believing that He who honors the merits of the sacrifice of the Saviour, hears and answers prayer, you will at once go out to confess boldly that you have started to serve God.

As you go forward, thereafter, you will go on to grow in grace, and the Spirit of God, which will always be with you, will guide, strengthen, and uphold you.



The Commissioner's Appointments

Lethbridge Tuesday, Nov. 29

Calgary Friday, Dec. 2

Drumheller Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 3 and 4

Staff-Captain Merritt and Adjutant T. Mundy will accompany the Commissioner.

Buddha's birthday, which is always celebrated more in Kaisong, the ancient capital of Korea, than elsewhere, was made the occasion of a Salvation rally in which Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Toft, Mrs. Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie, a number of Officers, a Seoul Young People's band, and the local forces took part. Kaisong was gay with flags and festoons and happy crowds, and the Salvationists spent the day in the open air.

Serving at the "Loneliest Spot"

Army Officer's Tragic Discovery at a Celebes Outpost — The Headman Gives a Thrilling Testimony

WHICH is the loneliest Army post in the world? Who can say? Much will depend upon the individuality of the person who is called upon to make decision. Some may claim it is in India or China; there may be those who locate the station in Japan or Korea; in fact many other countries might be men-

Paloe, thirty-two kilometres by road to Kalawara, and a hundred-kilometre tramp thence to the desired destination.

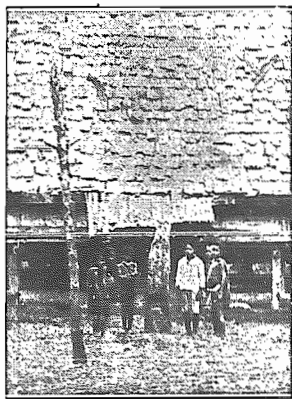
No Monotony

Here will be found a Norwegian Officer, Ensign Wikdal, who, in addition to conducting the Garrison, has charge of various Outposts. But if his is a lonely post, and if his round of duties should involve considerable hardship, certainly they cannot be said to be monotonous or uninteresting, as witness the following account from a Comrade-Officer who be-

side the house he found the body of the servant girl who had been murdered, and was then told that the wounded woman in the house, a relative of the Mardika (the headman of the district), had been so grief-stricken at the recent death of her daughter, that she started knifing the people in the house.

Attacked Daughter's Husband

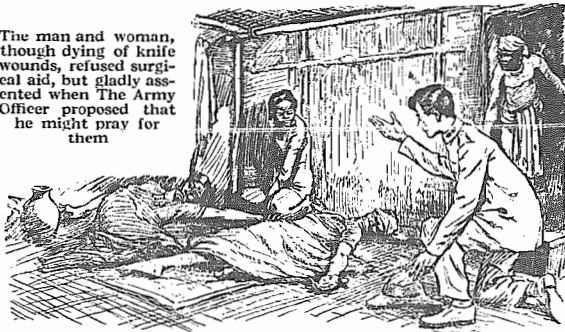
"First she attacked the husband of her daughter and then the servant-girl, following which she severely wounded herself. The servant-girl was already beyond human aid, and now the Ensign



The perpendicular stone in the picture marks the place where human sacrifices were once made. In the temple at the rear Army Meetings have been held.

tioned and fail to satisfy all. There can, however, be little question that the loneliest Army post in the Dutch East Indies is that at Kantevoe. To reach the Training Garrison which is situated here, high up in the mountains of Celebes, Officers in Java have to undertake a fortnight's journey—nine days by steamer to Dongalla, five hours in a small boat to

The man and woman, though dying of knife wounds, refused surgical aid, but gladly assented when The Army Officer proposed that he might pray for them



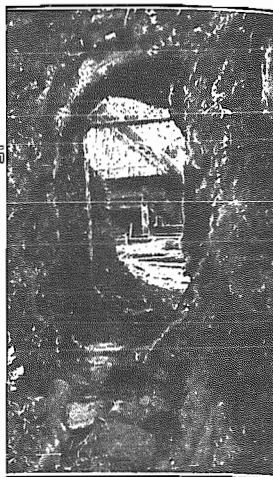
came acquainted with the facts recently and forwarded same to "The War Cry."

"The Ensign," says our correspondent, "was proceeding to one of his Outposts last month, when he passed through a kampong where he was told that a murder had just occurred. On going to the house of the tragedy he found a man and a woman covered with blankets. They were seriously wounded, but refused all offers of help from the Ensign. They wanted to die, they said; but they gladly agreed to his praying for them. Out-

was forbidden to assist either the murderer or her first victim.

Fled to the Woods

"There is an old custom in these parts," the writer continues, "which says that if the Mardika or any of his near relations should die, then a number of other people must also die to keep the spirit company in the next world. When the father of the wounded man arrived in the kampong, every inhabitant fled to the woods and stayed there in hiding, until the following day, when they heard that the old



A hollow tree giving entrance to a Celebean village. The Chief's house seen through the opening was so situated that he could shoot poisoned arrows at any unwanted visitors.

custom would not now be brought into operation.

"As the Ensign was returning from the Outpost he met the old Mardika, who thanked our Comrade for his willingness to help the stricken people, even though his offer had been refused.

The Headman's Testimony

"Say to all the people everywhere," the headman added, "that my heart has been entirely changed since The Army has come to my district with the message of Salvation, their schools, and their medicine. I have not for a moment thought of bringing the old custom into operation!"

On land or sea, 'midst pressing throngs of men or in the loneliest spot on earth, what matter where? Where Jesus is—and His service is possible everywhere—life is well worth living. This is the Salvationist's joy!

WOULD you like to come with me to a typical Chinese village? We can go by cycle, for we are blessed with some good motor roads around the capital city of Shansi. Taking a cornet and a song book we push out into the busy street. Even so early the place is all alive, for the laboring classes rise early. A ride of five li brings us to the Big North Gate. We are asked who we are, for the province is at war with another province, and a careful watch is kept for spies. Our reply: "Big South Gate Salvation Army," is enough to produce a nod that means "pass through."

We are now in the Northern Suburb, where there is much more noise and bustle, for people can do business here, and so avoid the taxes and customs that are imposed on merchandise entering the city. Over there are the money-changers, the fortune-tellers, the sellers of fowls. We go through another gate and at last are on the motor road.

Great Chimney Stacks

Looking to the right and left we see great chimney stacks, and hear the noise of machinery from a huge modern arsenal, which produces implements of war from aeroplanes to small hand grenades. You are surprised to find such a place in the heart of China? Sad to say thousands of Chinese are working night and day under foreign overseers, competing against the arsenals of other provinces. A little further on we pass thousands of soldiers being trained mainly for civil warfare.

After crossing a number of bridges, we look down over one, and discover it is not a waterway we are passing over, but a cart road. These roads, perhaps hundreds of years old, have worn down the soft earth until in some parts the road is

A Light in a Chinese Village

By Adjutant George Walker, T'ai Yuan Fu

so far below the surface that it goes through almost perpendicular walls, some of which are fifty feet high. In winter these passages are at their best, whilst in the summer—during the rainy season—they fill up, and in places are impassable.

Smokes 30-inch Pipe

Ninety li (approximately 30 miles) is rather a long push without a drink, so we will stop at one of the many tea-shops on the roadside. Here an old wrinkled-faced gentleman, smoking a pipe 2½ feet long, is interested in us, so we address him in the usual Chinese manner. Then the question is put to him, "Do you know Jesus?" The old man turns round to the other listeners with a look that means, "Does anyone here understand this man's talk?" I address him again, and with much difficulty the story of Jesus is told; there are many interruptions, such as the polite remark: "You speak Chinese very well," or the questions, "How much did you give for your books?" "How long have you been in China?" To grasp and hold the attention proves difficult. In parting we say, as is cus-

tomary, "When you visit the city, come and drink tea with me, and rest."

There are many villages on either side of the way, but there is no Mu Shih (a term, generally given to men Missionaries, meaning shepherd). There are people everywhere, and there is darkness everywhere. We pass a man carrying two bundles of incense; they are too heavy to carry in his hands, so he bears them on a pole over his shoulder. Another man has cigarettes. Most of the men on the road grasp a stout stick, which is useful either for carrying a bundle or as a weapon of defence.

A "Dough String" Meal

Arriving on top of the hill, a wide plain stretches before us. In every direction clumps of trees and houses dot the cultivated land; these are small villages. We will make for the centre one named, "Big Basin Village," it governs the others. Everything is alive, for it is market day. From 30 li around people have come with their goods. Here is the S. A. Hall, where a very hearty welcome is given us by the Chinese Officers in charge, and we

are soon sitting down to a nice meal of "dough strings," together with a little mutton, vinegar, and soup.

Taking our stand in front of our Hall, with cornet, big and small drums, we commence to sing. Every head turns and, of that great crowd of country people, half move towards us. We are quickly surrounded, and find it better to retreat into the Hall. This fills in two minutes, although children are not admitted. Then follows an ordinary Salvation Meeting; there is plenty of singing, accompanied by the drums, and short simple talks with plenty of illustration.

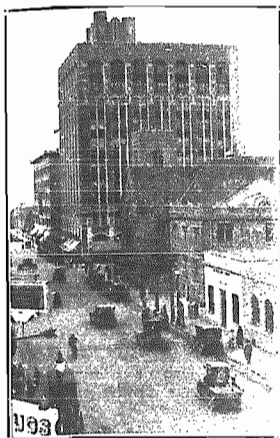
Persecuted and Imprisoned

The Corps has been opened three months; never before has a Gospel teacher lived in the village. The converts sit together, giving no heed to anything save to the leader of the Meeting. It is not easy for them to be Christians; many of the people are suspicious of our Hall. One aged man who recently repented told his wife on his return home what he had done. She replied, "You cannot go to that 'Jesus Hall'; why, it is there where the foreign devils come." A young man decided to follow Christ: on his return to his home, in a neighboring village, he was persecuted and imprisoned because he had become connected with the "Jesus Doctrine" people.

In spite of the winds and waves of persecution, doubt, and fear, we go on with our work, and the Light of the World is shining for the first time into the hearts of certain of these village men and women.

While we labor and pray for the conversion of the adult members of our congregation, let us not forget the children. A few years' forgetfulness may mean lifetime of regret.

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand : : to do it. Proverbs 3: 27. : :



First Street West, one of Calgary's busy thoroughfares.

ON June 6, 1874, a party of 200 mounted police, red-coated riders of the plains, with 350 horses, left Toronto, their destination the new, unknown wilderness of Western Canada, where hunters and Indians were surely holed-in; the sturdy trappers and pioneers who had ventured into the vast, new land. They, the police, brought order out of chaos, tamed the Indians, and became the terror of evil-doers.

This land was then separated from the East by the great barriers of the rock lands of north-western Ontario. The route west was principally by water, which took the pioneers to Alberta via Chicago, St. Paul and Fargo, to Dufferin in Manitoba; thence west to Old Man River, where Fort MacLeod was established. From there the force trooped to Red Deer, and from there to Calgary, building Fort Calgary, and thus establishing this splendid new industrial and farming centre.

Some Calgary Pioneers

Of the original mounted force, there still survive G. C. King, retired postmaster; and Colonel James Walker, who took a prominent part in arming the Indian treaties in 1867-7. Colonel Walker is a veteran of the Red Rebellion, has served as alderman and mayor, is president of the Army and Navy Club, and also president of the Southern Alberta Pioneers Association. Other pioneers were the Riley family, Gaspard Lacombe, brother of the late Father Lacombe, the late Revs. George and John McDougall, father and son, Bishop Grouard, David McDougall, A. E. Cross, and many more.

Calgary is a Scottish name, meaning "clear, running water." The Bow and Elbow Rivers, which meet at this point, their waters coming from the snows and glaciers of the near-by Rocky Mountains, and well aerated in transit over 80 miles of gravel beds, are as clear as crystal.

The early population of Calgary, then known as Cow Town, consisted of long-horned, wild-eyed cattle, shouting cowboys, blanket-shrouded Indians, remittance men from overseas in costly numbers, and a general mixture of other nationalities. In due course the wild elements settled down, to make the Calgary district a wonderful ranging country.

Conditions in early Calgary were very primitive, and it was not until the coming of the steel on the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1883, that real progress began. Now, the Canadian National Railway shares in the development of this city and district, and each line fills its peculiar place.

To ranching has been added fur mills, elevators, packing houses, roineries, stock yards and manufactories for many and varied products. There are also the repair shops of the Canadian Pacific western division in the suburb of Ogden; the near-by oil fields of the Turner Valley; and coal distribution plants for a number of large adjacent coal fields.

An Up-to-date City

Today, behold a modern, up-to-date city of 75,000 people, developing rapidly into a great commercial and distributing

Calgary in Tabloid

By Envoy W. A. Hawley

centre; the home of many important industries; and, in spite of its comparative youth, a city of fine residences and modern structures. With a climate rendered cool in summer by the near-by snow-capped mountains, and mild in winter, thanks to the kindly chinook wind that blows off the Japanese current, coming through the mountain passes; and coupled with its ideal location in a charming valley nestled between gently sloping foot-hills, it gives a selective, strong invitation to settlers and travellers to tarry and make homes here, in a spot than which none other in the great west is more favored nor more inviting.

Abundant Light and Power

Electric light and power are generated at Kanaruski, west of here. Coal is on every side. Gas from the oil fields materially assists in supplying the kitchens

Calgary is a tourist's Mecca and outfitting point, reflecting and sharing with Banff the holiday vision. The latest developments are the opening of the Banff-Windermere mountain road, and the extension of the through mountain motor road as far as Golden. Also, the Glacier-to-Gulf motor way, which runs through Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado, thence south through Oklahoma, Texas and Mexico to Tampico, and which will bring Southern people up to see our Canadian west, with its many unique attractions and advantages.

Motor cars, railways and the annual Calgary Stampede are making Calgary better known each year. The Prince of Wales' ranch in the foot-hills to the southwest, has made for goodly publicity. But seeing is believing, and many thousands of tourists came here this past

virile, western thought; a place where new ideas and ideals of open-handed fraternity are interwoven with up-to-the-minute business aggressiveness; a place where every new-comer is taken "on suspicion," and is regarded as a fellow-traveler and a peer; and should he make a break, it will never be the fault of others. Thus a healthy individuality is fostered, born and re-born, waiting the day if and when it may come, when the western wave will surge back to heighten again a depleted eastern standard.

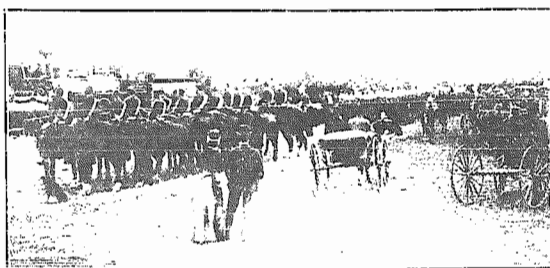
Must we stop? The half hath not been told. Ruthless, material editor. A book could be written, but tabloid is called for.

The Dear Old Army

However, in spite of all the Editors that ever existed we refuse to close this article without saying something about the — to us — best things of Calgary—the dear old Army. Now, Mr. Editor, do your worst and stay us if you dare.

I will not venture on a lengthy history of The Army's doings in the City, although I have very valuable information at my disposal; by your grace we will defer that until a later date. (All right—that's a bargain—Ed.) but the activities of our Social and Corps and general departments are full of life. Especially can this be said of our two institutions, the Grace Hospital, where so many of our rising citizens are making their debut, and the Children's Home on the hill, full of vim and youthful buoyancy. Adjutant Knott is the energetic yet sympathetic Superintendent at Grace Hospital, with a staff of efficient and ready helpers. Commandant and Mrs. Muttart are respectively father and mother to the children at the Children's Home.

Adjutant and Mrs. Kerr (genial and



An historic picture, showing the entry of the first C.P.R. train into Calgary.

and warming the homes of the city. The Kanaruski power also runs the municipally-owned street railway system.

With all but incredible potential resources of oil, gas, coal and water power, and the Spray Lakes projects a huge development probability of the near future, Calgary offers paramount inducements to the manufacturer; while, with the extension of irrigation in the south, and the further rapid settlement of remaining vacant lands, a market is being enlarged to take care of industrial expansion—this city the logical mart.

A City within a City

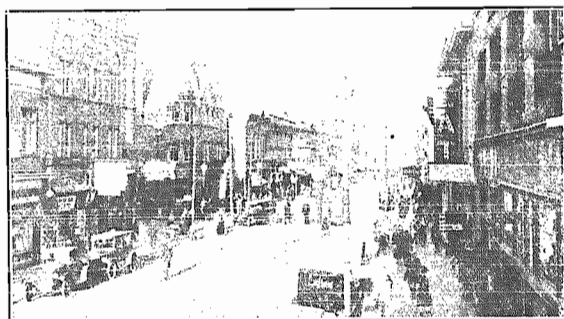
With the return of normal conditions in the city, following the post-war readjustment period, and within the past two years, a city has been built within the city. There are no vacant houses, and construction is hardly taking care of the brisk demand for housing accommodation.

Calgary's playgrounds are primarily its unique river parks, St. George's Island, and Bowness Park. Then, eighty-five miles west by rail, wonderful Banff is nestled in its cradle of majestic mountain peaks, wooing city people freely for frequent week-ends and peerless vacations.

summer; from New Zealand, Mexico, England, Germany, Spain, and every state of the American Union.

Virile Western Thought

One closing item: Calgary is a centre of



Calgary's "Main Street"—Eighth Avenue.

Drumhead Penitent at Calgary

Seeker Kneels in Deep Snow—Arises a New Man in Christ

A man under deep conviction stepped out from the sidewalk and knelt at the Drumhead last Sunday night. It was a cold bitter night, with several inches of snow under foot, but that did not deter the man from getting right with his Maker, and although he may have felt cold in both body and soul, yet he arose rejoicing in the new birth. Jesus said, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance"; this man thought there was a chance for him, and so there was.

This incident was followed by a rousing Salvation Meeting inside attended by a good crowd and we finished up with four further seekers at the Mercy-Seat. One seeker came forward on the Saturday night, making a total of six for the weekend. We are looking for a soul stirring time during the winter months. God is on our side and with Him all things are possible!—Observer.

faithful, take care of the invalid inmates at the Eventide Home, while Adjutant and Mrs. Waterston spend their energies in behalf of the Men's Social Hostel and Industrial Depots, and especially busy are they as we write.

Calgary Citadel, on First Street East, is a centre of all that is bright and cheering in Army Corps life; Adjutant and Mrs. Junker see to that. Calgary II Corps—Captain Tobin and Lieutenant Donnelly are stalwarts leading stalwarts and Captain Watt and Lieutenant Lapp lead on the happy forces at Calgary III.

Oh, Mr. Editor, in the words of the old chorus "There's very much more that I can't tell"—just wait for that promised special number, please.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Man., Can.

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The Field Secretary at Moose Jaw

THE God-blessed visit to Moose Jaw
of the Field Secretary, Brigadier
Taylor, was the occasion of one of the
best weekends that the Corps has ex-
perienced for a long time.

In the morning following the Open-
Air Meeting, and the usual preliminaries
in the Holiness Meeting, the
Brigadier spoke in a stirring and
awakening manner which greatly
blessed and inspired his audience.
This Meeting was the commencement
of a series of gatherings of much
blessing, in which much Salvationism
was evinced.

The afternoon Meeting took the form
of a massed assembly of all sections of
Corps activities, and a splendid program
of a real Salvation Army character
charmed and blessed all present. The
Senior Band, and Y.P. Singing-Company,
Guards and Sunbeams, and various Local
Officers, all took part, contributing much
to the inspiration of the gathering. The
Brigadier closed with a short address.

The usual Sunday night Prayer-Meeting
at 6 p.m. was followed by stirring
Open-Air gathering. The Salvation Meet-
ing was a departure from the usual course
of events in that it took the form of an
Armistice Service. The Brigadier, whose
versatile speech and dominant person-
ality contributed to the power of the
Meeting, gave a convincing and stirring
address, and held the packed audience in
breathless expectancy. His words were
followed by the ringing notes of the Last
Post, played by Bandmaster Probert, and
awakening stirring and sad memories in
the hearts of many present. Soon we
were under way with a powerful drive at
sin, and after a strenuous but magnificent
fight we conquered, and one poor sinner
sought Salvation with an eagerness that
it was impossible for him to disguise.
Several more were under deep conviction.
We closed the day with heart-felt rejoicing,
and a hope that the Field Secretary will
soon be with us again. His presence,
and personality, and his fearless de-
nunciation of all that is wrong have won
him many friends in Moose Jaw.—"Rev."

Colonel Coombs

It is with much comradesly sorrow that
we are obliged to announce that the more
recent reports on the condition of our
beloved Comrade are not so favorable as
those of previous days. It is evident that
he is making a brave struggle—much
supported by the knowledge of the prayers
of his comrades—but that he is passing
through a time of much physical suffering.

He is in the centre of a circle of loving
thoughtfulness, and also, we can truly
say, in the centre of the will of God; so
that, while care and prayers are his con-
tinual portion, the will of our Heavenly
Father is his paramount joy.

We have been permitted to see a letter
which he dictated to the Commissioner
during very recent days. It is full of his
old-time courage and yet breathes a
spirit of splendid desire to do the will of
God. The wavering pencilled post-script
indicates no wavering of his hold on
eternal things; "I am holding fast," it
says. That we can well believe.

Dear Mrs. Coombs is receiving much
strength in her own intimate trust
in God and in the knowledge that so
many comrades are remembering her
and her brave partner with affec-
tionate faith.

It is in such seasons that the glorious
Army family becomes a real bond
of union and strength.

Expelling the "Scotch" From Scotland

Commissioner David C. Lamb Demonstrates how
Prohibition is Successfully and Beneficially being
Worked Among the Fishermen of the North
of the Bonnie "Land of the Thistle"

TEN years ago Wick and the county
of Caithness, for which it is the
capital, went dry, what is known as
local option in America was passed, and
Wick, by a large majority of votes,
expelled the liquor and the saloon. In
all the years since, when the question has
recurred at voting time, the decision
against booze has been maintained, which
is, you will admit, rather extraordinary
in a land like Scotland, where drinking
has been the vogue for hundreds of years
—almost an ingrained institution to be
exact."

The speaker was Commissioner David
C. Lamb. He was passing through New
York en route to Canada on Salvation
Army international business, and when
asked for an interview for "The War
Cry" had offered to tell an interesting
story about prohibition in Scotland.

"Mrs. Lamb and I," the Commissioner
continued, "were in Wick doing Meetings.

most always sober, and therefore work
harder, and are consequently more pro-
perous."

"That for the Chief of Police!
"I asked the hotel keepers what they
had found to be the results of prohibition.
It had been greatly feared, they told me,
that they would lose their trade and go
bankrupt. That they are still in business
is proof that such disaster did not follow
the coming of prohibition. But that was
not all. The act adopted gave them the
privilege of applying for permission to
serve liquor with the meals to the guests.
All of them, of course, made such applica-
tion the first year, but when it came time
to renew their application they had found
that they were enjoying a cleaner, more
respectable business without the booze,
that their patrons, in the majority of
cases, appreciated the absence of noise
and offensive conduct on the part of
drunken guests, and accordingly they did
not re-apply for license to serve drinks.



The historic John O'Groats cottage at Wick, Scotland

Mrs. Lamb had been stationed in Wick as
the Corps Officer forty years ago, and at
that time the Army had turned this
thriving fishing town upside-down which,
will figure in the story a little later on.

"Of course, it was extremely interesting
to me that Wick had maintained its stand
on prohibition through ten years, especial-
ly in view of the fact that several other
counties, after taking similar steps to
outlaw drink, had gone back to the
saloon. I determined to find some facts.
So I set out on search of evidence. The
voters, I concluded, would not repeat
again and again their voiced decision
for prohibition if it were not beneficial,
and my little journey of investigation
proved far more fascinating than I had
even anticipated.

"The Chief of Police was one of the
most ardent supporters of the dry cause.
"Shebening (bootlegging) is sometimes a
serious trouble for me, this official told
me," but since we have had prohibition
the streets are cleaner and safer, and on
Saturday nights especially our town is
far more respectable than before pro-
hibition came. We see very little drug-
giness now, and previously it was prevalent
everywhere, a veritable nuisance. Last
summer not a single man was drowned in
the harbor because of intoxication, and
before prohibition the season could not
pass without a number of deaths, caused
by fishermen trying to get to their boats
or trying to get their boats out of the
harbor when they were too drunk to
know what they were doing. And the
boats are more regular now, the men are

"And further, in the last twelve months,
these hotel proprietors told me that they
have done more business than in any
previous year, their net profits have been
higher, and their opinion has so comple-
tely changed that now a guest who is only
half drunk is considered an intolerable
nuisance.

"And now for the cream of the story.
I had a very interesting chat with the
Mayor. He remembered Mrs. Lamb
when she was the Corps Officer in Wick.
"Do you know," he said, "that at that time
The Army started forces that have
brought about many changes in our com-
munity. I am sure every other person
in the city and vicinity came to The
Army's Penitent-Form, and although
they did not all become members of The
Army, they were strongly influenced by
its teaching and aggressive spirit of
religion, and direct, clear-cut stand on
questions of right and wrong. And every
phase of life in the city was reached by
The Army. The fishermen and their
families were no more strongly influ-
enced than were the families of the best men
in town. Everybody, it seemed, went fre-
quently to The Army's Meetings, and it
was a force in our midst. Thirty years
later the question of prohibition came up
before the voters, and since then several
times our citizens have had to vote on it,
and I am certain the work of the Army
as early as the days of Mrs. Lamb's
leadership here, can be definitely said to
have played a large part in bringing about
a strong sentiment for prohibition, and
in keeping it after we got it."

THE COMMISSIONER AT BRANDON

On Wednesday last, our Territorial
Leader was in Brandon in connection
with the Special Campaign which is now
in progress in the "Wheat City," and
which it is sincerely hoped will go far to
lift some of the heavy financial burdens
which have been resting on our operations
there.

It is the Commissioner's earnest wish
that all over the Territory, in both Corps
and Social enterprises, the future shall be
made brighter by reason of the removal
of certain liabilities which are a constant
drain on local financial resources, and a

hindrance to that happy activity which is
so much to be desired in the affairs of
God and The Army.

Mrs. Booth, the Mother of The Army,
once said that "we could not improve
the future without disturbing the present,"
and while there are certain folk who may
not be anxious to tackle existing diffi-
culties in order that the future may be
bettered, this is not the Commissioner's
way—hence the many special campaigns
which are now afoot in various parts of
the Territory.

With this thought in mind the Brandon

The Coming of the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Commissioner Higgins

IT IS with no small degree of pleasure
that the Commissioner is able to make
the announcement which appears on
page twelve of this issue, and the pre-
liminary intimation of which has already
occasioned so much glad anticipation in
our midst. Temporal, as it must be,
with the disappointment of the many
Comrades who had hoped to see and hear
the Chief during the Congress, our faith
is high for some mighty gatherings. The
Vancouver Comrades are most decidedly
favored, and knowing them as we do, we
are sure their appreciation will take a
very loyal and tangible form.

Mrs. Commissioner Higgins is to be
with the Chief of the Staff. Officers and
Comrades remember, after with much
affection, and her presence will make
these days especially memorable. There
is a winning graciousness about her
messages which give them an unusual
acceptance, and so we will give her a
hearty welcome for her own sake, as well
as with the knowledge that she will
support the Chief in his public engage-
ments.

In Winnipeg, the outstanding engage-
ments will be the Official Opening of the
"William Booth Memorial" Training
Garrison; the fine edifice on Portage
Avenue which is now awaiting occupation,
and which will be for all time a splendid
ornament to the City of Winnipeg, and a
constant reminder of the Founder of our
glorious Army. The Chief's association
with this gallant enterprise is especially
pleasing.

It is much to be regretted that the
time-table of the tour does not permit
our Leaders to spend a weekend in Winni-
peg, but the Officers and Soldiers of the
Territorial Centre will make the most of
the "Comrades and Old Comrades As-
sembly," announced for the night of
Thursday, December 15th. We can safely
prophecy there will be with us repre-
sentatives from other parts of the Prairie
Provinces. Short as will be the visit,
it will be a great time, and give us all an
opportunity of expressing our loyalty to
the Chief of the Staff, and in an even
larger degree our loyalty to The General
whose especial envoy he will be.

And if these are our feelings about
the Winnipeg visit, what shall be said
about the Vancouver Meetings. We do
rejoice with a comradesly rejoicing
that the mighty City of the Coast is
to be so signally honored. Vancouver is
a city of welcome and farewell—it
knows how to deport itself in either
case—and our Comrades there will
surely excel themselves in the glad
welcome they will give to our two
esteemed Leaders.

Our announcement will serve to whet
all appetites, and should serve to bestir
our faith and prayers. "The Chief is
really coming" is the cry these days.
We believe that our faith is not belated—
God's times may well be our own, and so
here's for a mighty welcome and a still
mightier outpouring of the Holy Spirit
of God.

There are some arrangements for
Officers Councils, but particulars of these
will be communicated directly from the
Commissioner to the Officers concerned.

Campaign is in being, and the influential
local support which has been gathered,
(and which we feel sure will be strength-
ened by our Commissioner's talks with
them), is a guarantee that our faithful
Comrades, Officers and Soldiers alike,
will very speedily be free to push ahead
with the unfettered work of God in their
midst.

It is only to be expected that the
Officers—Staff, Corps, and Social—whose
operations are affected by this particular
campaign would be wholeheartedly sup-
porting the Commissioner; this is the
attitude also of all at T.H.Q., from the
Chief Secretary downwards. So more
anon. In the meantime, Brandon goes
ahead.

Commissioner Rich Conducts Inspiring Sunday Campaign in the Calgary Citadel

THE Commissioner is always a welcome visitor to Calgary, and last Sunday was no exception, even with the weather on the cold side and lots of snow under foot. This did not prevent Soldiers and friends turning out in large numbers and they were certainly rewarded, for as late as nearly eleven at night a large crowd was still assembled, and only with the singing of the Doxology did the Soldiers leave the building. Although the Commissioner only spent one day at the Citadel yet he went away leaving behind lives that had been changed and we rejoiced through this wonderful uplifting power. Truly it was a day to be remembered.

A united Holiness Meeting, with the three city Corps was the first opening by our Territorial Leader, who reminded the Comrades of the grand ideals laid down by the Founder, of true Salvationism. The Soldiers were much impressed by this address. Adjutant Knott of the Grace Hospital read the Scripture portion and Mrs. Adjutant Junker soloed. The Meeting ended with one seeker at the Cross.

The Afternoon Gathering

In the afternoon our Leader gave the lecture, "winning in the West." He was ably supported by Mayor F. Osborne in the chair, and some fifteen leading citizens; also the entire staff of City Officers. The nurses in their white uniform on the platform with Mrs. Commandant Muttart and Adjutant Knott were a real picture in themselves. The Young People's Corps came up into the gallery in a body and the building was completely filled. His Worship, the Mayor, made an excellent chairman. Bandsman Herbert

Honeychurch sang a solo specially composed for the occasion, and which fitted in well with our Leader's subject.

The Commissioner made a great impression, not only on our own people and friends, but also upon those that sat with him on the platform, and at times when speaking of the vital work of The Army regarding the young girls, a hush

was felt all over the Meeting. Not only did women dry their eyes but men also brought out their handkerchiefs, and several times his words brought forth loud applause from the people present. John Irvin, M.L.A., passed a vote of thanks after saying kind words about The Army, and this was seconded by Dr. Stanley. The Doctor is a great friend

of The Army, as also is Mr. Irvin. Doctor Scott, Superintendent of public schools in the city, and Dr. Aikenhead were also on the platform as well as ladies of the leading organizations in the city.

The final Meeting of the day was announced as "a battle for souls," the Commissioner directing the ready forces of righteousness against the foe. Our Leader, with an eloquence that held the close attention of the large audience throughout his stirring address, brought out clearly the conditions of Salvation and caused the sinners and backsliders present to realize the great need of Salvation. He then plunged right into a red hot Prayer-Meeting, and it was not very long before the first penitents made their way to the Mercy-Seat, others following, until twenty in all surrendered.

The Commissioner was ably supported throughout the entire Campaign by Officers, Comrades and Bandsmen, all of whom fought with splendid vigor.

Many Tears Shed

The Penitent-Form was filled again and again with people from all walks of life. There were many tears shed, but thank God, there were also many victories. A backslider who used to take a prominent part in the Corps at one time, came forward and was wonderfully restored. The Meeting was brought to a close with a Hallelujah March around the Hall. The Commissioner was tired, but happy at the result of the day's fighting and we are looking for his return visit. It was splendid to see the large number of Converts out at the Meeting the following night. May God bless them and may they remain true to Him.



Major Westbrooke, eighty-four years of age, and sole survivor of the first Army pioneers to hold meetings in the United States of America. On either side of the Major are Commander Eva Booth and Mayor Walker of New York City

CANADA WEST'S contribution to The Army's ever-widening Mission Field, was further increased on Monday evening last, when Colonel Miller, the Chief Secretary, conducted the Farewell Meeting of Captain and Mrs. Sullivan in the Winnipeg Citadel. These two Comrades, as already intimated in "The War Cry", have been appointed to South Africa, a country in which several Officers from the Canada West Territory are laboring today.

Brigadier Taylor, the Field Secretary, conducted the opening exercises of the Meeting, following which, Brigadier Smith led in prayer. The Chief Secretary then outlined, in interesting manner, The Army's remarkable development from a Missionary standpoint, and called attention to the rapid growth of The Organization in various parts of the world during the past decade. The Colonel concluded his review by reading an appropriate portion of Scripture.

Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, the first of the representative speakers, narrated some interesting experiences which befell her during her term of service in South Africa and stressed the great need of consecrated workers among the natives. "South Africa is a magnificent country and it is a land of opportunity," she said in wishing the farewelling Officers God-speed.

Captain Grace Habbirk, the next speaker, representing the Warrior Session of Officers to which Mrs. Captain Sullivan belonged, told how proud they were that one of their number had answered the call of God to the Mission Field. She assured the Captain and his wife of their prayers and good wishes. Commander Carroll, with whom Captain Sullivan had been stationed at the Winnipeg Citadel Corps, concluded the list of well-wishers in a vigorous speech in which he paid a high tribute to the Captain's splendid Salvationism and love for souls.

At this point of the Meeting Brigadier Taylor read a message from the Commissioner, it ran as follows:

"We send Captain and Mrs. Sullivan to South Africa with our blessing. Their work in this Canada West Territory has been both efficient and fruitful.

By virtue of their sincerity, loyalty to the Flag, and energetic service, they have endeared themselves to Comrades and friends, who, this night, claim for them a special dis-

pensation of Grace. As they have won their tens for Christ in this land, may they win thousands in the far-off land to which they are going.

Their opportunities will be legion; their difficulties may be numerous, but the victories which they will win, in the strength of the King, will abundantly compensate them for

from the audience as they were to deliver their parting messages. The audience were treated to a real bit of Irish brogue in both instances, and the warm-heartedness and sincerity of the speakers was amply demonstrated by their evident earnestness. Said Mrs. Captain Sullivan: "I feel right from the bottom of my heart that I am in the will of God and my heart is burning to tell the story of God's love to the heather."

The Captain's message, given in characteristic fashion, revealed the fact that he was influenced to become a Salvationist through the testimony of Captain Walker of the Winnipeg Men's Social Department, in a little Meeting held at a military camp in England during the great war. Both men were on military service at the time and afterwards became warm friends. Captain Sullivan subsequently joined the Naval and Military League and after coming to Canada, entered The Army Work. He volunteered for foreign service in the great missionary Meeting conducted by the General in Winnipeg a few years ago.

On one occasion, whilst the Captain was assisting at the Winnipeg I Corps, a gentleman driving by the Open-Air stand in a big limousine and hearing our Comrades Irish brogue going full swing, parked his car nearby and strolled back to listen. After the Meeting the gentleman questioned the Captain about his conversion and was greatly impressed. On a number of occasions since then this gentleman, evidently a well-to-do business man in the city, has stopped his car at the

Captain and Mrs. Sullivan Bound for South Africa

The Chief Secretary Conducts Farewell Meeting in the Winnipeg Citadel



Captain and Mrs. Sullivan

every sacrifice and for all service, even as their triumphs will enrich the Kingdom.

They will link arms with other Canadian Comrades who are laboring in Africa; they will uphold the best traditions of the Land of the Maple, and we believe that they will add lustre to Salvation Army missionary activities.

We assure them that "God will take care of them."

The two principals of the evening now received a hearty round of applause

Open-Air and "peeled off" a five dollar bill for the collection.

At the conclusion of the Captain's speech, the Chief Secretary called for the Officers of the Valiant and Warrior Sessions to stand with their farewelling Comrades under the Colors whilst Mrs. Colonel Miller offered a dedicatory prayer. The gathering closed with the singing of "God be with you till we meet again."

During the evening, selections were rendered by the Citadel Band, the Training Garrison Cadets, led by Adjutant Davies, sang, "Wanted, hearts baptised with fire."

A large number of Officers and Comrades including the Chief Secretary and Field Secretary, assembled at the C.P.R. station on Tuesday morning when Captain and Mrs. Sullivan were given a hearty send-off to their new assignment. They sail for England from Montreal on November 25th on the S.S. "Melita."

Colonel Miller at Regina I

WE had a glorious, soul-saving time during the visit of Colonel Miller to Regina Citadel Corps, for the Sunday afternoon and evening Meetings. The Colonel was accompanied by Staff-Captain Tuttle, the Divisional Commander, and Mrs. Tuttle. As the Colonel rose to speak he received a warm welcome, and his stirring message created a great impression on all.

The Citadel was filled to the doors for the Salvation Meeting which was a period of heart-searching and soul inspiring. Among other happenings in this Meeting the "Songsters rendered a beautiful Salvation appeal, "I wonder why you do not love my Saviour?" the Band, contributed a selection, "My Jesus"; Adjutant Munony soloed, and Captain Murdie was welcomed to Regina.

The Colonel delivered a red-hot address, and his words, backed home by the power of the Holy Spirit, made a deep impression on the sinners in the congregation. Before the close of the Meeting, we had the joy of seeing ten sinners and backsliders kneeling at the Mercy-Seat, one of these coming before the commencement of the Prayer-Meeting. A backslider also returned in the Saturday night Meeting, thus making a total of ten for the weekend.—W.G.W.

Pioneer Warriors Called Home

Bandsmen H. C. Luff, North Winnipeg, First Army Bandsman in Winnipeg

IN the Promotion to Glory of Bandsman H. C. Luff, or "Charlie," as he was more familiarly known, North Winnipeg has lost a faithful Soldier, and Winnipeg Army circles a Comrade who has been loyal and true ever since his advent therein, over forty years ago. Converted at the pleasure resort of Brighton, England, forty-two years ago, two years later our Comrade immigrated to Canada, coming as far West as Winnipeg. Here, sure of the fact, that it's "The same old Army, all the world over," he joined up with the then infant Winnipeg Corps and from



Bandsman H. C. Luff.

that day to this has never been known to look back. For twenty years he was a Bandsman at the Citadel Corps, being known to the day of his death as "The first Army Bandsman in Winnipeg. He then transferred to the Sherbrooke St. Corps, and Band, of which he was a valued member until he linked up with the North Winnipeg Corps some five or seven years ago.

The Funeral Service, conducted by Major H. C. Habbirk, was not a sad or even very sorrowful occasion. His Comrade Salvationists were sure of the fact that "Charlie" was now joining in the praises of the Heavenly Choir as ardently as he had praised his Lord while on earth. Much sympathy, and prayers for their comfort and consolation, are offered to Mrs. Luff and the family on the occasion of their loss.

Envoy Aukland, Metlakatla, B.C.
Promoted to Glory

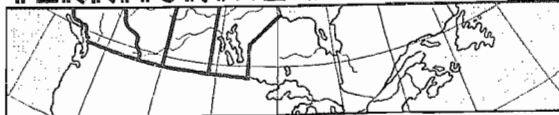


Envoy Aukland.

Envoy had been a Salvationist for thirty years, having been among our first Salvation Army workers in the North. He was converted at Port Simpson when a boy. Father Duncan took an interest in young Aukland, with the result that he became a worker in the church and afterwards became a Salvationist.

In those early days the Envoy endured much persecution and at one time when he and the other natives were at work building a Meeting-house, enemies destroyed the place. Afterwards the Envoy renovated his store and turned it into a Salvation Army Hall. Since then many Meetings have been held at our Corps and many souls have been born again.

TERRITORIAL TABLE-TALK



Winnipeg, November 26, 1927

FORTY-FIVE bedspreads have been made by the Sunny Valley Corps Home League for the use of Edmonton Grace Hospital; that is real League Work. So also is the news that the Home Leagues of the South British Columbia Division have quite recently completed one thousand garments for distribution among the poor of their respective districts.

We hear that Captain and Mrs. Alder have settled in at Vancouver, and that the Captain is already very busily engaged in Men's Social affairs in that city. Major Jaynes welcomes his willing assistance.

Canada West Comrades are always interested in the doings of Lt.-Colonel Walter Peacock. A recent note in the Southern States "War Cry" gives a snappy account of a weekend which he spent with the Atlanta Staff Band at the Temple Corps in the Territorial capital.

We are sorry to report that Ensign Schwartz of the W.T.G. is the latest entrant for Hospital honours. We do sincerely trust that the rest and treatment will effect her speedy recovery.

We hear that Commandant Lawson is making progress towards restored health; she is at present on furlough at Kamloops. Her many Comrades throughout the country will be glad to note this item.

Adjutant Greenaway is reported as being "right on the job" in the South B.C. Division.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele is out of hospital, and much better as a result of the enforced rest and treatment there. We are more than glad about this.

Lieutenant Emma Fitzpatrick, recently at Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, is under orders for Wetaskiwin; where she will assist Captain Mac Young. Cheers for both Corps and Officers.

Staff-Captain Merritt is booked to conduct the opening of the new Hall at Prince George on December 10th. We believe this will be the start of especially good things in that outpost of Salvationism.

Lieutenant Dorothy Wells, now at Wetaskiwin, moves on to Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. Lieutenant Edythe Wright, of Grace Hospital, Winnipeg is proceeding to the Children's Home, Calgary. God speed these young Comrades.

Home League Fixtures—Winnipeg

Winnipeg Citadel	Dec. 6	Norwood	Dec. 7
(Opening of Sale of Work)		Mrs. Brigadier Cummins	
Mrs. Commissioner Rich			
Sherbrooke St.	Dec. 7	Elmwood	Dec. 7
Mrs. Colonel Miller		Mrs. Major Tyndall	
Home St.	Dec. 1	Logan Ave. West	Dec. 6
(Opening of Sale of Work)		Mrs. Major H. Habbirk	
Mrs. Brigadier Taylor			
St. James	Dec. 6	Home Street	Dec. 7
Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Dickerson		Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele	
Weston	Dec. 6	North Winnipeg	Dec. 7
Mrs. Brigadier Carter		Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke	

During his illness the Envoy was visited by Lt.-Colonel McElen, Major Carruthers, and Captain Stobhart from Prince Rupert. During each visit the Envoy spoke of God's love to him and just before he passed away he called his family together, prayed with them and blessed them, then blessed The Army—falling unconscious. Whilst in this state he passed from this world.

The Funeral Service was conducted in The Army Hall by Captain Stobhart following which a procession took place through the village, the casket being

We send a special message of cheer to Captain Christensen, who is furloughing at Vancouver, but still very far from well, and needing the prayers of her Comrades.

The Home League of the Northern Saskatchewan Division are furnishing a room in the Training Garrison; and the Leagues of the Manitoba Division are assisting with the Divisional contribution of \$500 towards the furnishing of the Garrison Library.

Adjutant Fletcher is taking pro tem command at Edmonton III Corps, with Lieutenant Redshaw. The Adjutant has been assisting at Winnipeg III during the illness of her sister, Mrs. Adjutant McCaughey, who we are glad to say, is making some progress toward recovery.

Captain Robert Middleton is on pro tem duty in Regina during the next few weeks, in order that he may be near his father, who is still seriously ill and in the Hospital in that city. We will not forget to pray for all who are concerned in this serious sickness.

We were chance listeners to a conversation the other day which gave us to understand that Envoy Mrs. Mackenzie is still actively interested in the affairs of the Winnipeg League of Mercy. Mrs. Wellard is an energetic successor to our veteran Comrade.

Envoy Mephram continues his career of activity in his Subscribers District. A few days ago he was addressing an interested gathering of young people, and so interested was he and they, that he had to finish his talk while his train was making a race for his place on the train.

Adjutant and Mrs. Arne Lekson have arrived in Atlanta, U.S.A. The Adjutant is taking duty under Lt.-Colonel Baillie of the Territorial Property Department.

Little Anthony had been so very naughty that his mother had been compelled to punish him, after rehearsing a long list of his recent misdeeds. At last his real sobb had subsided, and also the imitation ones he had felt it wise to add, and he turned indignantly to his mother, and said: "Mamma, you've got the baddest memory I ever saw." "Oh," said his mother, "and what makes you think I have a bad memory?" "Because," he said, "you 'member all the bad things I do.' And that again is not unlike some folks we know.

Musical Wedding at Brandon

Love's triumph again made itself known on Monday, Nov. 7th, by the uniting of heart and hand of two well-known young people of the Brandon Corps in the persons of Bandsman William Good, and Record-Sergeant Gertrude Simmons. As the clock chimed eleven the bridal party entered the tastefully decorated Hall to the strains of the Bridal March from Lohengrin, played by Bandmaster Wrightman. The bride was attended by Sonster Beulah Hoddinott while Deputy-Bandmaster James Watt, supported the groom. Little Isabel Garden, niece of the bride, made a charming flower girl.

Simply clad, in Salvation Army uniform, of which every Salvationist is justly proud, our Comrades made the sacred vows to one another and to God. Field-Major Hoddinott conducted the service in his usual happy fashion, predicting for the happy couple, lives of much joy if rightly spent in the service.



Bandsman and Mrs. Good

of God. Adjutant White asked God's benediction upon the service, the vows about to be made, and upon the future of the groom and his bride. A suitable portion of Scripture was read by Mrs. Major Hoddinott. Sisters Mrs. J. Manning and Mrs. George Weir, sisters of the bride and groom, respectively, assisted with a vocal duet and Gordon Brown rendered a violin solo. The Band also contributed suitable music during the service.

Immediately after the ceremony, Bandsman and Mrs. Good received the guests in the Junior Hall, followed by a buffet luncheon.

Both our Comrades, who are products of our own Young People's Corps, have held Commissions for some years, during which time they have been active workers in the Corps. We believe that with the blessing of God resting upon them, their united lives should open on even a greater field of service for God and The Army.

Territorial Y.P. Secretary at Dauphin

In spite of the cold weather, we commenced the weekend, led by Lt.-Colonel Sims, with a rousing Open-Air on Saturday night, following by an inspiring Free-and-Easy Meeting. Sunday was a busy day and we started early with a visit to the prison where a most profitable and blessed time was experienced. Our hearts rejoiced as we listened to the testimonies from the men who were saved some weeks ago; others asked for special prayer. The Holiness Meeting which was well attended, proved very helpful to those present.

A fine crowd of young people gathered for a Company Meeting which was especially interesting because of the Y.P. Secretary's presence and instructive and breezy remarks.

Following the Company Meeting, we journeyed to a country schoolhouse where a large crowd had already gathered, some of which had driven many miles to listen to the message of Salvation.

The splendid crowd that gathered for the last Meeting of the day, enjoyed a real Salvation Meeting. Many were under deep conviction.

Here's a New Choros—Try It.

Tune. If you bring the one next to you. There's mercy in Jesus today; He'll take all your sins right away;

He's strong to deliver, From bondage to sever, If you begin to pray.

He'll show you the right from the wrong. And turn all your sorrow to song. Give heed to His call, Yield Him your all,

And with The Army march along.

Envoy Clifton is now in charge of the Metlakatla Corps.—E.C.

Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS

Songs in Prison

"At midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns unto God, and the prisoners were listening."—Acts 26:25 (R.V.)

FOR quite a long time I have thought much about this singing of hymns in prison and the fact that the prisoners were listening. One can easily imagine those other bondsmen saying to themselves, "Come now, here are these men who profess to be Christians—who say they have an experience different from ours—come now, let us see how they deport themselves now they are in circumstances similar with our own." And they sang hymns to God.

Now, some of the sweetest songs in the world have been sung in exactly the same setting—by those who have known what it is to be in prison. Some of Paul's most comforting letters were written from his dungeon quarters, and not a few of these letters were veritable "Songs in the Night." The Epistle to the Philippians is one of the Psalms of the New Testament, and it may be that as he

We cannot sing in the dark unless in the dark the Lord is with us, and we are sure and certain of His presence. It is a great thing to have a real enough experience of the Lord's presence in daily life to enable us, to sing "when darkness seems to hide His face." And believe me, there cannot be the midnight song without the midday vision. Soon, so soon, the midnight darkness will change bars of morning glory, and ever through the bars of our imprisoned conditions we shall see the glory of God, as we sing—

*Then didst for us
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure universal Love Thine art.*

Then what about those listening prisoners? I hark back to them in my thought once more, and I see that darksome foetid cell with its huddled crowd of misery, and I listen to the gasp of aston-

Vancouver Citadel Band

Features Splendid Musical Service
Crowd Jamis Citadel and Enjoys
Programme—Life-Saving Scout
Troop Presented with Bugles and
Drums

The Annual Thanksgiving Musical Festival is usually the big musical event of the year at Vancouver Citadel, but the recent Festival far eclipsed previous years both in attendance and in the nature of the programme presented. Thirty minutes before the programme commenced the Citadel was crowded to capacity and when the Band marched on to the platform it was an inspiring sight to see such an audience, every available seat was occupied, many standing at the rear, while others were seated on the window sills. Many people unfortunately were unable to gain admittance.

Adjutant Cubitt led the opening song, a thanksgiving prayer was offered by Major Jaynes, and Brigadier Layman, our genial D.C. was introduced as Chairman, which capacity he filled most admirably.

The first number presented was the "Chalk Farm" March which, with its brilliant rendition, captivated the audience from the start, other pieces from the Band included, "Over Jordan," "Excerpts from Haydn," and "Paul and Silas Selections," the latter being the outstanding item of the evening. A complete synopsis was given, the audience following the various sections with keen interest as this Bible story was portrayed in music.

A vocal quartette, "Out in the Lifeboat," by four Bandsmen was well received, Adjutant Cubitt soloed "A Song of Rest," with the Band humming an accompaniment; this was indeed a very pleasing number, as also was the vocal solo by Captain Banerley, Mrs. H. Walker, a friend of The Army contributed two humorous readings that brought forth continued applause. Bandsman A. Newall gave a melody of songs on a one-string Japanese fiddle; pianoforte solos were rendered by Bandsman R. Cook and D. Layman; Bandsman and Mrs. Stanton added lustre to the programme with their spooling duet, "Whispering Hope." A Euphonium solo, "True Heart," was masterly played by Bandsman "Bert" Mills, and although only 18 years old, Bert manipulated this difficult solo in a brilliant manner that justly earned the hearty applause accorded it. Mrs. Lt-Colonel Phillips read a Scripture portion.

A Happy Moment

A happy moment for the Scout Troop was when Brigadier Layman presented them with a set of six bugles and three drums and the audience received a thrill when, at the beat of the drums, the bugles sounded forth and the auditorium echoed again and again.

At the conclusion of this lengthy but interesting Festival of nineteen numbers, the congregation sang a verse of "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross"; a closing prayer by Lt-Colonel Phillips and thus the most successful Thanksgiving Festival in the annals of the Citadel Band was brought to a close.

The Band is still making steady progress under the leadership of Bandmaster Mill, who is ably supported by Band-Sergt. Mitchell. The past year has seen the us very actively engaged, apart from our Corps duties they have rendered ready services in many ways.

Recently we visited the new Hall of the Vancouver VII Corps under whose auspices the Band gave an interesting and varied programme which was presided over by Major Jaynes.

Being in urgent need of new instruments we are preparing to launch a campaign for the purchase of the same.—H.B.

Occasional Talks

OUR special story and suggestion for this week reaches us from a non-Army source, but we feel constrained to pass it on in the hope that it will give the same message to other hearts that it brought to our own:

A number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled in a small but famous hall in London for an afternoon concert. A young girl sang her first song. Her artless grace, pure voice, and simple manner captivated the audience. They wanted an encore. But she was only a beginner. She had no extensive repertoire. She wondered what she should sing. Then she made her choice. Her clear voice rang out:

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dead Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

They were not expecting that. Whispering voices grew still. The silence was heavy.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

Men kept an iron grip on their emotion. Superficial women were touched to the depths.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

There was no applause. The audience had forgotten her. People stand in front of them in silence. I do not think that effort would have been produced if she had sung of anyone else in the world. They were held, confronted, arrested, challenged, judged by the Master of Souls. But when the mind and soul contemplate Him words are insufficient. There are no words. We can only cry with Thomas, "My Lord, and my God."

There have been many occasions when we have been similarly affected in our Army Meetings. When a secular musical or vocal rendering has awed our spirits into silence before the Lord, and we have been moved almost to impatience with the less thoughtful applause.

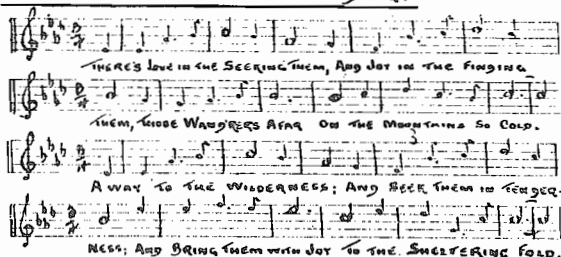
We cannot imagine that the disciples would be moved to applaud the appearance of the Crucified and Resurrected Lord in their midst, but we do feel that there was a rejoicing "Hallelujah" with Thomas when he realized that the One before Him was "His Lord and His God."

Are we wrong in suggesting that we should more often allow ourselves in a spirit of contemplative worship—the worship within our own hearts and inner consciences, which will very quickly lead to the fuller and joyful expressions of adoration and testimony.

A NEW CHORUS

suggested by Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell's Noon-hour Prayer Meeting Talk at T.H.Q. on November 18th.

LOVE IN SEEKING - JOY IN FINDING.



wrote it. Paul remembered that midnight there when he and Silas sang their hymns to God.

The best men are not mastered by their circumstances, but are masters of circumstances. Paul's midnight song, you know, did not start in prison; there was a direct connection between the midday vision of the Lord Jesus on the Damascus road and the midnight songs in the prison cell. To act with nobility of spirit in times of difficulty and darkness, there must be a real sense of God's nearness.

Amongst the finest words ever written, surely, were those used by John Bunyan in prison—"Where Christ did sweetly visit my soul." But that experience was very closely related to that other occasion when, walking across the fields near old Bedford, he heard the words "My grace is sufficient for thee," and knew that the bells of the Celestial City were ringing out for him every word.

Now, my Comrades, in real life, one can never rise above one's own experience.

ishment which greets the Apostles' songs, and I say to myself—The power of the story was not the only one that night to call on the Name of Jesus and be saved.

Some of you will remember the poet's story of the flower-child who sang in the early dawn as she passed down the street, and so made a new sunrise for all who heard her:

God's in His Heaven,

All's well with the world.

Oh, glory, glory be to God. That is—or may be—the key-song for us all. Let it be my song, your song—only I like to sing it thus—

God's in my heart,

All's well with the world.

and we shall find ourselves and others singing the song that Isaiah sang:

"The unsundered of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and exulting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

—J—

A TIMELY HINT

YOUR relatives and friends overseas will be glad to receive a copy of "The Christmas War Cry." A Greeting Card PAR EXCELLENCE.

Victory Winning On The Field



Vancouver 1 Victories

Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt. With the idea of encouraging and making more real the spirit of Comradeship with Salvationists across the International Border, Brigadier Layman arranged an interchange of weekend visits between himself and Staff-Captain Jackson, Divisional Commander in Seattle. The visit of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Jackson fell on Thanksgiving Sunday, and we had a profitable time. The series of Meetings commenced on the Saturday night when there was a good crowd present. Brigadier Layman made arrangements so that he could be present to welcome our American visitors, and in a few words introduced them to the audience, and assured them of a hearty welcome to Vancouver. Mrs. Jackson led on some inspiring testimonies, and the Staff-Captain gave a thoughtful address in which he emphasized the need of more systematic Bible study.

The Sunday morning Holiness Meeting was well-attended. Mrs. Jackson led the opening exercises, and the Staff-Captain gave a very profitable talk, laying stress on concentrated effort in prayer. There was a full house at night, when an unusually fervent spirit pervaded the Meeting, this being especially evident when Mrs. Jackson gave out the song. "In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain?" she stopped and speaking very loudly, gave the answer: "In the love of God." When the Staff-Captain rose to speak it was evident that he felt the importance of the occasion, the force of his message, and an encouragement for quick decision on the part of the individual. Adjutant Cubitt took charge of the Prayer-Meeting, in which there were immediate results, and before the close, eight had knelt at the Penitent-Form.—G.A.

D.C. AT DAUPHINE

Captain Wright and Lieut. Jones. On the occasion of Sunday morning's visit to Dauphine we gave him a very hearty welcome. Soldiers and friends rallying around in splendid fashion. Round the tea-table, prior to the Open-Air Meeting, we spent a halcyon time. About forty Comrades listened to his helpful words as to the meaning of Soldiership, and derived much benefit therefrom. A rousing Open-Air Meeting followed, and an encouraging and an encouragement to the discouraged. Our desires deepened to go forward in the fight and to win the battle. Victory was our cry when three souls surrendered to God. Hallelujah!

In the Meeting held at the Jail the following Sunday two seekers sought and found peace with their sins. They are both doing well. God is with them, and with us!—N.A.N.

SASKATOON II

Captain and Mrs. Hill. Brigadier Goring was a "special" at our Corps during a recent week-end and delivered many inspiring messages. The following weekend Captain Flannigan was in charge, and we believed many were blessed and helped by his direct messages. Three seekers resulted. Last Sunday night Brigadier Goring was again at the helm, and one backslider returned to the Fold. In addition to these seekers, since Captain Hill's return from Winnipeg we have received over three other seekers. Last Thursday the Meeting was taken by the Corps Captain, who was speaking taking a letter of the word "Follow." The young people did their parts well, and the congregation was much blessed by their messages.

A PROBLEM SOLVED

A Hint From Regina I

The Regina I Young People's Corps has solved the problem of Y.P. coming year by year, by an enthusiastic and splendidly successful campaign, the plans for which were carried out by the Y.P. Corps of this city. The Y.P. Corps was divided into two sections, a Team Captain over each section—sections named Hustlers and Rustlers, respectively. Each section (everyone in each section) wore a button showing to which side each belonged, this included primary class tots too.

Everyone was supplied with a "Money Man," and each Primary Company member with a "Mile of Pennies Collector." Time allotted for collecting was one week only, and the losing section to supply the winners with a Bean Supper.

The effort was easily and successfully finished in one week and the splendid amount of \$122 was raised. The Hustlers won and Captain Williams, their leader, is beaming, while Captain Prince, leader of the Rustlers is busy negotiating a good buy of beans from a wholesale cropper.—No worry about Y.P. Supplies and their cost now.—G.T.M.

SHAUNAVON

Captain Martin and Lieut. Nichol. The war is still raging here and we are gaining the victory. On Sunday, November 6, one soul found salvation and since his conversion has expressed his desire to become a Soldier, and, God willing, eventually an Officer. The day after his conversion he burnt his tobacco pouch.

Last Sunday the Captain held a Meeting at our Outpost at Ravenscar, which was attended by large crowds, and resulted in much blessing. Lieutenant Nichol, assisted by Captain Steele of the Subscribers Department, Moose Jaw, carried on at the Corps, where many hearts were touched by the message of our Visitor. In spite of the Devil, we are nicely saved.—"Overcomers are we."

THE MAN IN RAGS

Prodigal Night is Featured at Winnipeg Citadel with Good Results

Adjutant and Mrs. Acton. The war goes on steadily and surely at Winnipeg I. Our Brigade of Cadets continues to make the Saturday night Meetings seasons of refreshments and freedom, assuring well for the Sunday efforts.

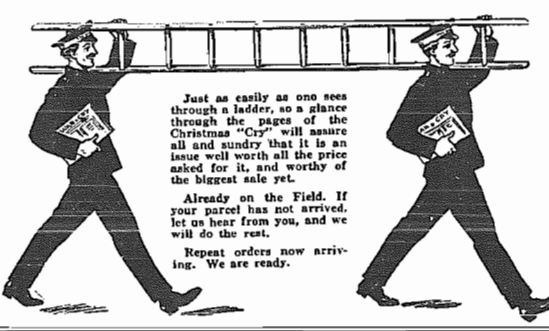
Staff-Captain and Mrs. Steele, assisted by Ensign Koughton, piloted the Salvation Meeting, which was the occasion of the farewell of Adjutant and Mrs. Greenaway. The Citadel Comrades expressed, through one or two representatives, the warm esteem in which these Comrades were held. Mrs. Greenaway's message, simple and full of appeal, touched everyone present. Scarcely had the Adjutant delivered his message, which told of "something altogether something better," before three volunteers had made their way from different parts of the Hall to the Mercy Seat, there to seek Salvation. They were followed by two other seekers before the close of the Meeting.

Our Comrades in the West already know Adjutant Acton to be a man who gets results. He has versatility, and is not wedded to hard-and-fast methods to obtain the desired end. Since his coming to the Winnipeg Citadel we have witnessed him in many roles, and on Sunday night last he appeared on Winnipeg Streets as "The man in rags," at the head of a long body of Bandmen and Soldiers. The Citadel was filled to capacity, and many interested listeners heard with joy the heart-burning testimony of Brother "Bob" Vickery and another recent Convert, and then to the thrilling appeal of the Adjutant, based on the story of the Prodigal Son.

Warning sinners and backsliders not to take risks, but to calculate coldly the eventual end of their ways, and exhorting young Converts to beware of the Devil's agents, his words had instant effect. As we went into the Prayer-Meeting there was an atmosphere of sincere expectancy, and the response—eight prodigals—"seeking their Father's face," some in their "Sunday best," and others in "the majority, in their harvest-field attire, overalls, etc., shedding tears of repentance and opening their hearts in confession to God, was heart-stirring.

On Monday evening Mrs. Brigadier Taylor presided over a Y.P. Demonstration at the Citadel, which was held at the close of the Meeting, their heartfelt thanks for the ability shown in her substitution for the Brigadier on so short a notice. Every Department of the Corps was represented on the programme, and gave full proof of their capacity to "put over a tip-top programme, unanimously voted. "The best for us." There was amusement galore, but amusements are proper, both as to kind and degree, just so far as they make us better Christians. We better after Monday's Y.P. Demonstration.—J.R.W.

THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY



Just as easily as one goes through a ladder, so a place through the pages of the Christmas "Cry" will assure all and sundry that it is an issue well worth all the price asked for it, and worthy of the biggest sale yet.

Already on the Field. If your parcel has not arrived let us hear from you, and we will do the rest.

Repeat orders now arriving. We are ready.

METLAKATLA

Envoy and Mrs. Clifton. The Harvest Festival Effort at our Corps was very successful. A fine display of fruit, vegetables, and other foodstuffs testified to the goodness of God. A little music program was held on the Monday evening prior to the sale of produce, and in this program the League members participated. Mayor Leask made a good quotation, and the splendid sum of \$84.40 resulted.—Geo. H. Clifton.

HOME ST.

Captain Lear and Lieut. Green. On a recent Sunday evening God came very near to us, when Major and Mrs. Hector Harkirk were in charge of the Meeting. We rejoiced to see quite a number of strangers in our midst, and hope and pray that they were influenced for the good. We are in for victory this winter under the leadership of our new Officers.—E.H.

KITSELA

Field-Captain and Mrs. McKay. We are very thankful to be able to report victory. On a recent Sunday we had a splendid time when one backslider returned to God. In the Harvest Festival Effort, two babies to God and the Army. He spoke on the parable of the sower. The Captain and Mrs. McKay have recently been teaching the Corps in the Meetings, and much good has been done. Splendid work is in progress in the town of Kitseles, and we are getting into the stride for the coming winter months. To God be the glory.—C.C.

VERMILLION

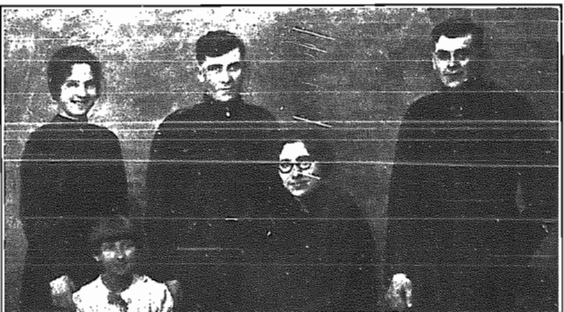
Captain M. Smith and Lieut. F. Walker. We have welcomed into our midst Sister A. Murray, formerly of Wainwright, and she is already proving a great help to the Corps. Brother Murray, who Wainwright has been a recent visitor, and his testimonies were most inspiring. We are glad to report victory in connection with our recent Harvest Festival Effort; our Target was smashed. During the absence of the Officers at the Congress in Winnipeg, various Soldiers of the Corps met well and loyally.—M.F.W.S.

IF

Anything of interest happens at your Corps and it is not reported in "The War Cry"—

Don't blame the Editorial Department, but Deal with those who knew and did not tell us, and

If you are the individual to blame, well, get busy next time.



Brother and Sister Raffles (centre) New Westminster, a report of whose wedding appeared in a recent issue. Sister Pearl Lynn and Brother Ramsdale are also in the photograph, with Junior Edna Larson.

THE CORPS AT LA PRAIRIE

Being the Epistles of Hephzibah Nott, School Teacher

A story of Western Canada



CHAPTER IV

HOW SCHOOL OPENED

"The Dell,"
La Prairie,
September, 2nd.

Dearest People:

I am more than sorry that I could not write you yesterday, but I am thinking that while you will be glad to get my letters, you will be worrying at the late hours I am keeping. And my last letter was a case almost of "love's labor lost," for this morning that young wretch of a Gus told me, with the periest of grins on his face, that he forgot to mail my letter yesterday. Never mind, it will make all the bigger pile for Dad to get when he calls at the post-office—or does he forget? By the way, I've been here a week tomorrow, and this is the fourth letter I've written you. I can't keep up this speed always and I would be glad if you would suggest a different arrangement; besides it's too expensive on my pocket money.

Feeling Lonely To-night

And further, as the preacher says, I'm not going to write any more unless I get something from you. I want to know if I am missed, and what kind of weather you are having; if Dad has started thrashing; how many eggs you've had this week; and, and, and—oh, heaps of things.

But now I'm keeping faith with you and bringing the tale of my adventures up to date; although they seem very ordinary.

Well—we've opened school and I've had three days of it, and tiring days they have been. I know Dad will say "I should come and do some house work and then get tired." I'd be glad of the chance, dear ones, for oh, I am feeling lonely to-night. (I am writing this in school before going home to supper).

"Call me up in the morning early," might almost have been my cry on Sunday night, for tired as I was after that most unusual of Sabbaths, I was all eager to be on the job with my new school.

It was a very sleepy head, though that I took off my pillow when Ma called me—and I had some little trouble to locate myself after a night of confused dreams and flag poles and auto rides, etc., etc. But soon I fitted in; I was up and down, and after my solitary breakfast I trudged off to the schoolhouse. Brenda has already gone to the Collegiate down town, and a long trudge too.

I told you, did I not, that my Dell schoolhouse is about a mile from Mr. Crompton's, and that there is a by-path to it through some woods, and from this wood one can get some lovely distant glimpses of the lake. I was so tempted to loiter but I could not yield to the temptation, and it was well I did not, for when I emerged on to the high-road, a few yards below the schoolhouse, I saw a boisterous crowd ready for me.

Buggy of Time of "John A"

Some of the elder children had arrived in an odd buggy of the time of "John A" I should imagine, and it seemed that they were trying to emulate Jehu, the furious driver, for they were racing their steeds up the road to the school at an alarming speed. One gallant youth "Skinny" Wilson, otherwise Nelson Wilson—was standing up in his chariot, with reins uplifted urging on the race, to the fearful glee of his passengers.

The tumult died down as I appeared, for evidently some of them knew I was the duly newly appointed teacher.

Soon steeds and buggies were put away and a crowd of about fifteen clustered around me as I entered the room. Oh, how hot it was—not a window open, and I sighed a sigh as I thought of what it would be like in an hour or so.

I can't stay to describe all the children, but there are four who have impressed themselves upon me. "Skinny" Wilson, aforesaid—a long, lanky boy of twelve; tall enough for fifteen; looks like a youth-

Start The Story Here:—

Hephzibah Nott, otherwise Effie—the writer of these letters to her home-folks—is a school-teacher who has just taken up duty at a small country school. She finds herself in a circle of Salvationism, and is not yet quite sure that she enjoys the experience.

ful ascetic, but is as full of mischief and guile as a wagon load of monkeys. "Tubby" Wilson, christened (I hope) James, is the brother of Nelson, and as round and plump as the other is tall and thin; eleven years of age and apparently as lazy as he can be. He sat stolidly all through school that first day and scarcely seemed to have energy enough to move.

The other two—of course you might have guessed it—are the two youngest of my train journey. Harry and Mary Kirk, and I was so pleased to see them. They were both passengers in Nelson Wilson's chariot—Harry beside himself with excitement at every lurch of the conveyance; poor wee Mary hanging on for dear life and almost beside herself with fear. I am afraid for her, poor little darling, on her daily journey to school, except that I've been informed that "Tubby" is the official driver; maybe their parents know their respective habits.

Excitement at Every Lurch

My little train friend—Mrs. Kirk—is living with her father, who farms a half section next to the Wilson farm, and so, in neighborhood fashion, they are helping

it was, squeezed away into a cupboard, and but for the noisy hunting of "Skinny" Wilson, it might have been there now. (I've brought it home with me and washed it and pressed it out, and now can feel more sacred in my attitude to it.)

I gathered my little group around me, and after repeating the Lord's Prayer I marched them out into the yard again and having adjusted the "Jack" I pulled it to the top of the flag pole while the children stood around in varying degrees of attention, and following on "God Save the King," which they sang with a might and main far beyond their numerical strength, they faltered and stumbled through "O Canada"—a state of affairs which I hope to remedy very shortly.

Fustiness of the Schoolroom

I could not enter quickly on the mustiness and fustiness of that schoolroom and so I dragged out the "Flag" ceremony to a degree which my conscience told me was excessive; taking advantage of the open air to impress upon them, as well as their wandering attention would allow, the glories of being allowed to dwell under that flag. One of the motley group, Isaac Grozinsky, was greatly moved with my sayings—poor wee

easy time of it—but woe betide any of them if Effie's temper once gets let loose.

Lunch time came around quite as soon as I wanted it, and, as in company with my flock I had brought my lunch, I ate with them. I tried to take my "cats" outside, but the flies and "skeeters" as "Tubby" calls them, were too many for my powers of resistance.

In we filed and settled down again and I plodded on—dear, oh dear, how many years am I to continue at it? I'm afraid I am already "bored stiff" with my profession.

I was just beginning to think gladly and hopefully of four o'clock when from my place at the top of the schoolroom I espied an auto being driven up to the road and then stopping at the school gate.

A portly man alighted—well he scarcely alighted—he dropped from the auto, and made his ponderous way into the school. "Who, who are these?" I almost chanted, but my wonderment was soon set at rest when the irrepressible "Skinny" Wilson ejaculated, "Hullo Dad!" and in that moment I recognized the strong likeness between the visitor and dear, fat "Tubby". What is "Skinny's" mother like, I wonder.

"Good afternoon, Miss," rumbled Mr. Wilson, "I guess you know now who I am. I'm the father of that—pointing to "Skinny", and of this—laying his hand on the head of the almost, somnolent, and quite indifferent "Tubby".

"Now," said he, with a very inviting chuckle, "how do you make that out?" I did not imagine it to be a problem calling for immediate elucidation and so made no reply, except to say, "We are all very glad to see you, Mr. Wilson."

One of the School Trustees

"Well," said he, "I am one of the school trustees, you know, and so I thought I'd just run over and see you, and also give these young rascals some instructions as to how they are to behave. And with that he looked around at my little company and chuckled down, far down, his throat and said "Eh?"

"Yes, Dad!" said Skinny, supported in that promise most audibly by little Harry Kirk, who seemed in no fear at all of the huge man.

"Say, Miss Nott," went on the visitor, "what do you say to making it a day?" And scarcely waiting for my sanction, he straightened himself—no, he couldn't do that—he lifted himself, and said: "Now, children, the King," and it was ludicrous beyond words to hear his rumbling bass, about five octaves below the kiddies piping treble, and my—I am sorry to say—hilarious soprano—stirring the air with the strains of "God Save the King." Then with an air of a duty well performed he said, "There, whose for home," but the only one he really did take, after much banter and noise, was wee Mary Kirk.

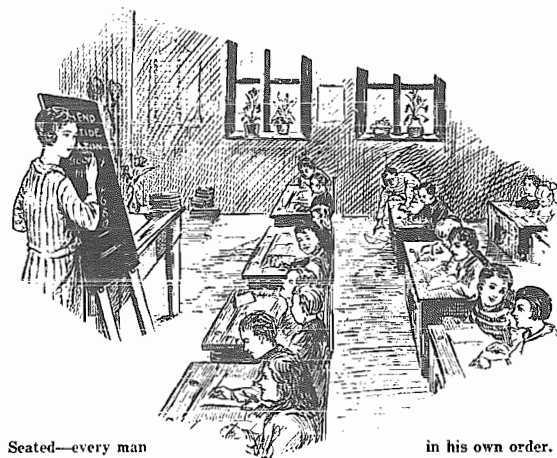
"Come again some day," he shouted as he cranked up. I managed to get the rest of the mad mob away—watching with much trepidation "Skinny" Wilson's efforts to be allowed to drive old "Joshua," the aged horse, and "Tubby's" quiet and heavy persistence and attention to his duty.

That's the story of the first day, and here I sit at my desk wondering if all days are to be alike, but I imagine there will be breaks in the monotony, as there have been this afternoon, resulting from one poor child discovering that another noble but ungallant youth was making assiduous efforts to put a spider down her neck.

But I'm hungry, dear parents, the woods call and the supper feeling is insistent so I'll finish up, lock up, and hasten thitherwards. I hope there is a letter waiting for me.

Once more,
Your own loving girl,
Effie.

Next Week—The Officers come to Supper



Seated—every man

in his own order.

them out in the matter of the school conveyance. I shall certainly take the first chance of going across to see her—poor soul. I wish I could do something which would really help her—perhaps I may do it most through the children. The boy Harry is the very embodiment of youthful zest and spirits, but the girl, Mary, looks as if the merest puff of wind would knock her over—and so poorly clad they are.

But, dear, oh dear, was ever such a lagging pen as mine? Was ever a girl taken up with such trivial details when you are wanting real worth-while stuff?

I had made up my mind to put some little extra ceremony into the raising of the flag, and a dirty, crumpled-up article

fellow, so grotesque he looked in the remnants of his Polish garb.

But "Tubby" Wilson was falling asleep and his more lively brother "Skinny" was doing his best—with a pin point—to keep him awake, and so I decided we had better retire indoors. The atmosphere was now clearer and less reminiscent of by-gone ages, and by dint of my powers of persuasion and attraction, I at last had them seated, "every man in his own order."

Taking them all in all they are not a bad bunch, and I am promising myself a few happy days during the coming months. The last teacher they had was a young fellow, and I think some of the elder spirits imagine they are going to have an

No Reduction in
the Wages of Sin

THE

WAR



CRY

God's Gift is
still Eternal Life

No. 48

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1927

WINNIPEG

PRICE FIVE CENTS

We are looking
for you



We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

Rudolf Lentz. Left Winnipeg July 29th. Russian-German; age 35; height, nearly 6 ft.; weight 170 lbs.; blue-grey eyes, brown hair. Believed to be somewhere along the United States border.

1733—Ed. Engebretson. Norwegian; age 42; height 5 ft. 11 in.; light complexion, blue eyes, straight figure. During war was in 97th Battalion at Winnipeg in 1916. For a time was at Brandon. Father long for news.

1735—Karl Olaf Fjeld Olsen. Age 18; tall; blonde hair; blue eyes. Last heard from 1926. Is a sailor; thought to be sailing on the West Coast of U.S.A. Father wishes to get in touch.

1737—Henry James. Came to Canada 1922; farmer; of Welsh extraction. Thought to be married. Quiet disposition; age 39; height 6 ft.; brown hair; dark eyes; pale complexion. Two years ago was in a place called Wassawa.

1734—Sophia Anderson. Age 33; medium height; brown hair and eyes; pale complexion. British; underwent operation in hospital 1915; domestic servant. Understand now married and living around Regina. Sister in England anxiously enquires.

1735—Bor Gustaf Theodor Pettersson Krantz. Born in Huskvarna, Sweden, March 22, 1877. Last heard from 1919; then working as mechanic in Alaska. Son enquires.

1659—Henrik Lauridsen. Age 24; height 5 ft. 7 in.; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; farm laborer. Supposed to be around Prince Rupert, B.C. Relatives enquire.

1730—Alfred Wm. Clarke. Age 32; fair hair, grey eyes; fair complexion. Was manager of a picture house. Relatives anxious.

1717—Percy C. Mills. Last heard from at lumber camp near Kenora. Father very ill. Mother enquires.

1721—James Shaw Fergus. Age 21; dark brown hair; grey eyes, fair complexion; farmer. Scotch. Last heard from at Kimberley, B.C. Mother anxious for news.

1734—Susan Masters. Last known address was Regina. May be following domestic duties, but occupation was nursing. Age 30; tall; grey eyes; light brown hair; well educated; has little daughter named Shirley, 5 years of age. If this lady is dead, sister would like to know what has become of the child.

1730—Claudius Lorenzen. Born in Fastrup, Denmark. Age 46; came to Canada in 1903; married Danish girl—Kristina Olsen—then went to Edmonton and Strathcona, Alta. For a time was at Cleganard, Alta. His aged father is anxious for word.

1734—John Wykel Christman. Last heard from in Alberta six years ago. Age 35, blind in one eye and wears glasses; 5 ft. 4 in. in height; dark hair. Mother anxious to communicate with him.

1738—James Chamberlain. Age 50, height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark brown hair; painter and glazier. Came to Canada about twenty years ago under auspices of The Salvation Army. Brother anxious.

1740—Gustav Albert Valfrid Nilsson. Swedish; born in Appelmur Toras. Age 30; blue eyes; missing since 1925; occupation; machine work. Last heard of at Winnipeg. Father enquires.

1742—Edward Sleigh. Nickname Poppin; native of Ribblesdale, Lorking, Surrey, England. Age 33; married a Miss Miller; came to Canada 10 years ago and is supposed to be on farm in Alberta or Saskatchewan. Sister Wm. enquires.

1747—Anthony Clark. Employed by Canadian National Railway; age 38; height 5 ft. 8 in.; black hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; Scotch. Missing four years. Sister anxious.

THE CHIEF-of-the-STAFF (COMMISSIONER E. J. HIGGINS) and MRS. COMMISSIONER HIGGINS



are visiting
Canada West
Territory and
will conduct
Meetings as
follows:

Winnipeg

TUESDAY, Dec. 13, at 3.00 p.m.

Opening of the "William Booth
Memorial" Training Garrison

THURSDAY, Dec. 15, at 7.45 p.m.

Comrades and Old Comrades Assembly
(Broadway Baptist Church)

Vancouver

SUNDAY, Dec. 18, (Pantages Theatre)

11 a.m. Holiness Meeting

3 p.m. Lecture: "Seventy Nations—
One Flag"

7.15 p.m. A Battle of Salvation

Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich will
be present at all these Meetings

Grace and Glory at the Garrison

NATURALLY, to quote Adjutant Davies, "we are all on our toes" over the coming of the Chief-of-the-Staff and Mrs. Commissioner Higgins, for we all know that their visit is not to be disappointed on the Opening of the new Garrison. Indeed, if we were permitted to tell everything we know, things are already beginning to move. And so shall we when we get on to Portage Avenue; here we have scarcely had room to move. However, the Editor takes to himself the privilege of saying all that is to be said about "Our" event.

Cadets the world over have a feeling of reverence for those who have blazed the trail for them, and it was with such feelings that certain of the boys took part in the funeral of Baroness von Luff, at North Winnipeg. It was and is such men as he who made our paths the easier.

Thursday visitation continues to be a joy. In one home visited last week the mother was visibly affected by the boys' prayers, and promised to think again seriously of God; she also promised to send her little girl along to the Junior Meetings.

The other Sunday the boys of the Session had their "Sunday at Home" with Brigadier Merritt; again he counselled us as a father, and we cannot but feel that the spirit of these old-time warriors will descend upon us.

On Saturday evening we had the joy of seeing three souls at the Mercy-Sat at Norwood. The boy Cadets who took part in the Meetings had given us especially thrilling accounts of their conversions. The victory which resulted was a direct answer to our faith and prayer. Our joy bubbled over on the way home.

On the street-car we were much too glad to keep quiet, and so one by one we began to chant our little choruses until by and by we broke out into united song, much, we think, to the astonishment of the passengers and the conductor. Now and again the names of the various street halts—from the Conductor—rose above our songs, but we all had a good time. At the corner of our street we sang the Doxology, gave the good natured conductor a hand-shake and a "God bless you" and so home to bed.

Some of the girls are at Portage la Prairie, having a good time (Are they? We're glad to hear it.—Ed.); the rest of us are on Portage Avenue getting ready. My, it's great!—(In Omnia Par-tus).

COMING EVENTS

STAFF-CAPTAIN TUTTE

Swift Current, Thurs.-Sun., Dec. 1-4
Kamsack.....Fri.-Sun., Dec. 9-11
Roblin.....Mon., Dec. 21
Winnipeg.....Tues.-Thurs., Dec. 13-15

THE CHRISTMAS "WAR CRY"

SALVATIONISTS and Army friends do not fail to order your copy early; when you see the Issue, you will certainly require 8 copies for your friends. Eight pages in color, including unique portraits of the Founder and the Mother of The Army in an entirely new presentation. These alone are worth the price—10c.

"Christ glorified in the Commonplace"—by The General. "The Fact of Christmas"—by Mrs. General Booth; "The Desire of the Nations"—by Lt.-Commissioner Rich; "No Room for Him"—by Commissioner Lawley; "I was a Stranger and ye took me in"—by the Chief Secretary; "The Love Story that Influenced the World"—by Harold Begbie; "The Night of Stars"—by Colonel Wm. Nicholson; "The Shepherd Boy of Bethlehem"—by the Editor; "Christmas in Sweden"—by Mrs. Major Larson; "The Lone Log Cabin in the Woods"—by Adj. W. R. Putt; "Christmas Day in Peking"—by Mrs. Staff-Captain Beckett; "Yuletide in Iceland"—by Brigadier Grausland; "Yesterday and To-day in Canadian History"—by D.O.J.; etc., etc.

If you are interested in the extension of the Kingdom of God, ask The Army Officer for copies for sale among your friends.